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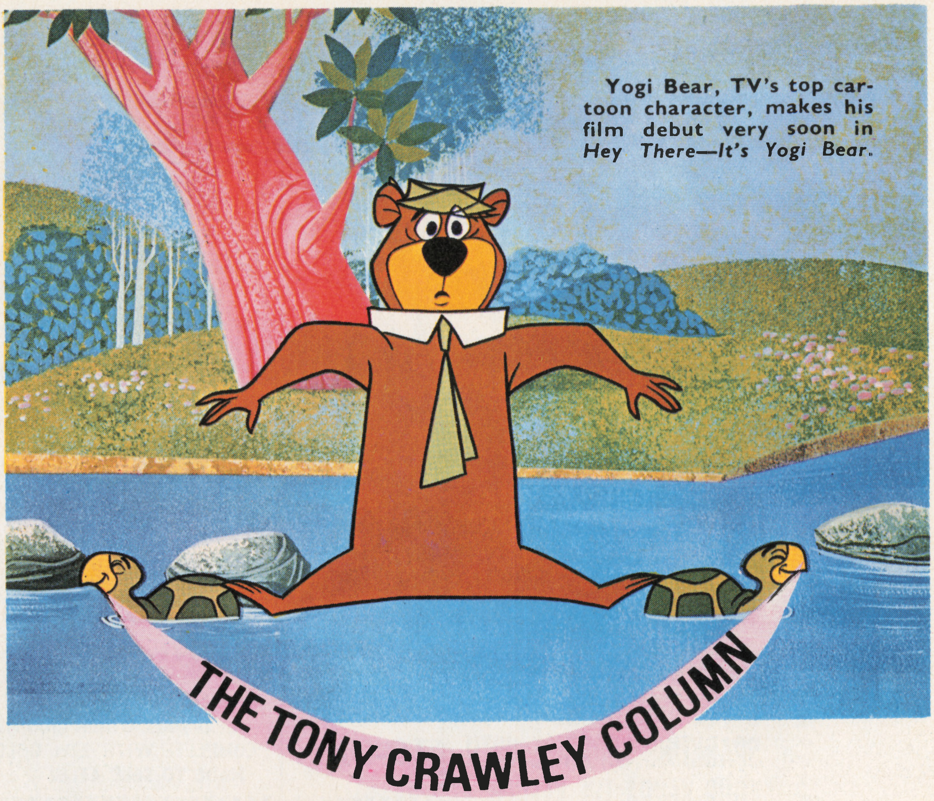


Yogi Bear, TV's top cartoon character, makes his film debut very soon in *Hey There—It's Yogi Bear.*

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

Italy's latest girl in the Loren-Lollo mould is RAFALLA CARRA—Frank Sinatra's co-star aboard *Von Ryon's Express.* Trevor Howard also stars.

RELAX chaps! I have just discovered that we men still reign supreme in one field—humour.

I have this firm assurance from one who knows well the ways of comedy (he's Italy's top comedian) and women (he's still a bachelor to prove it!) He is ALBERTO SORDI, who was such a hit in *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*.

And you know something? He's right. There are so few comediennes around you can count them on one hand. Or, come to that, a three-pronged fork! "Eet is the man, always the man, who make you laugh," Alberto commented, when back in London to direct his Italian comedy. "I don't know why this is. Perhaps eet is not easy—not polite, not right—to laugh at a lady, eh?

"More important, I believe that the woman does not possess the right kind of personality required to make a good comedian. They can be funny only in partnership with a man. Never on their own. Well, Shirley MacLaine, maybe. But she is the only one . . .

"The women," he went on, emphasising the point with graceful gesticulations, "they are not aggressive enough. Their temperament is quite different. Even so, we—the men of the world—have done our best to make woman equal to man.

"Equal she may be. But not as strong. Woman is soft—eet is how we want them to be, no?" Si!

Hollywood's Mirisch brothers want to film ROALD DAHL'S

new book. Nothing wrong in that, you say? I'm not so sure. Dahl's wife is PATRICIA NEAL; and wanted for the film is PETER SELLERS. Title? *Oh, Death Where Is Thy Sting - a - Ling - a - Ling?* Considering that both Pete and Pat nearly died not long ago, I think the choice of Sellers for the film is much more than ironic. It's downright sick!

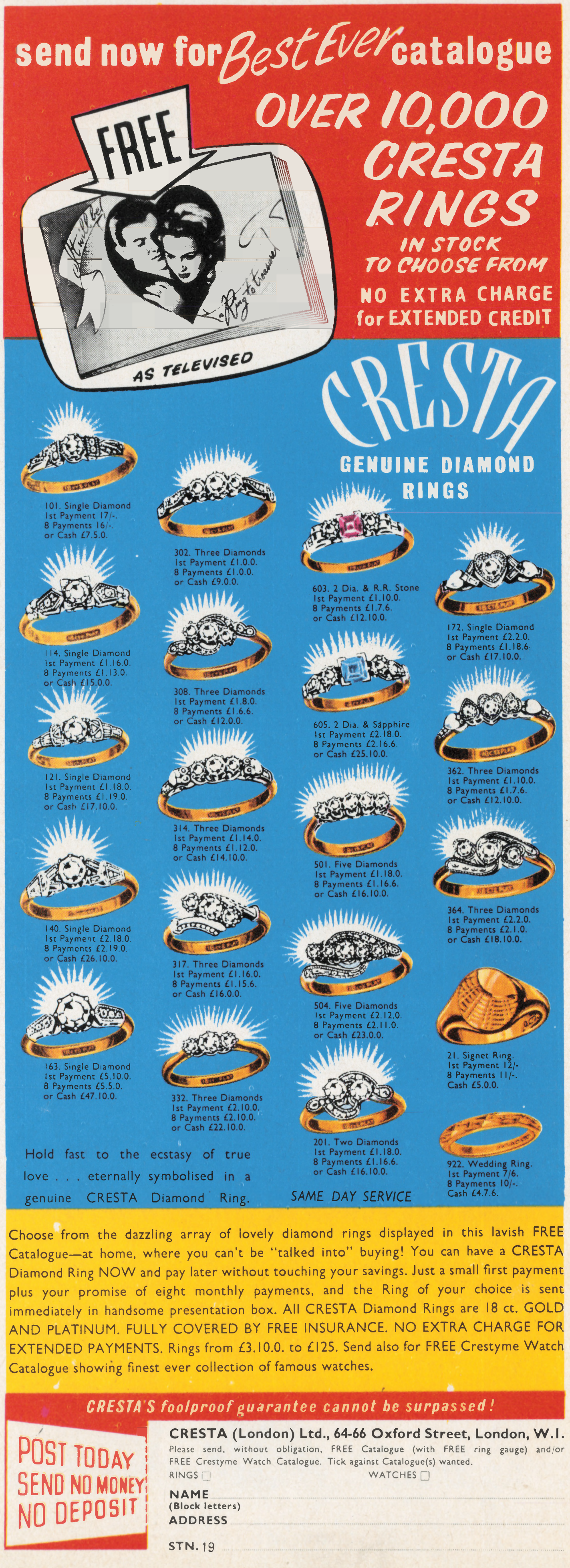
For one day, FRANK SINATRA used the home of pal DEAN MARTIN for some shooting on *Marriage On The Rocks*. Dino wasn't required and stayed out of the way on the golf course. When he returned home, he found things were not the same. The lawn was strewn with hundreds of empty beer cans. There was also a Frank note: "Sorry. Got a little thirsty!"

DICK VAN DYKE'S TV Clan will split up next year when the series ends. So his co-stars are swiftly following him into films and fame. His "wife," MARY TYLER MOORE has a fat contract with Universal. Now his co-"writers", MOREY AMSTERDAM and ROSE-MARIE, plus bald RICHARD DEACON, are in a comedy together. Title . . . *Don't Worry, We'll Think Of A Title!*

DICKIE ATTENBOROUGH found time, after all, to accept one of his huge Hollywood offers, before directing Gandhi. *He's aboard* The Flight Of The Phoenix. *And once* Gandhi *is over, Dickie will make two more for his partner 'n' pal, BRYAN FORBES:* With A Woman Unknown *and* Feathers Of Death.

Continued on page 42

The title mentions only *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*. But this is one of the fabulous film's magnificent women—ZENA MARSHALL. She plays the wife of Alberto Sordi and mother of his nine children . . . with another on the way. "In fact," says Zena, "we had about 15 children playing our family. They worked in shifts!"



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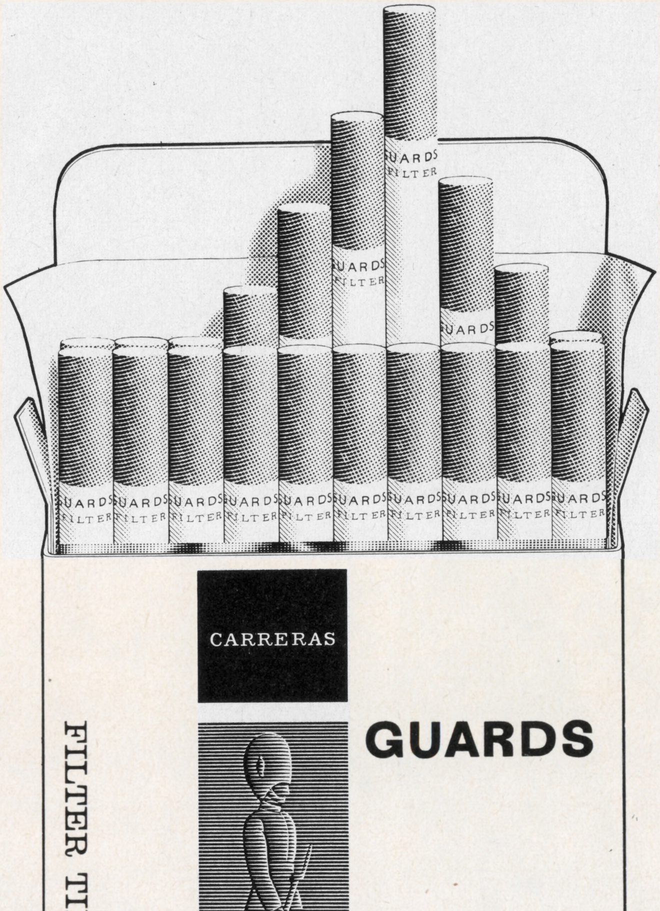
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If Bond came up against—Danger Man

Dick Richards meets the man who plays T V's John Drake...

I AM not exactly addle-pated at eight-thirty a.m. on a Saturday morning. However, it is not the time I would choose, ideally, to chat seriously with a man so alertly on the ball as Patrick McGoohan.

But, like *Danger Man* John Drake, you have to spot a split-second opportunity and close in swiftly. For, currently, McGoohan is a very busy fellow. He is engaged, daily, in a cloak-and-dagger television series which is popular not only here, but has also excited America to the comforting tune of a £416,000 deal.

So we met just before McGoohan was due to have his hair cut. His blue, searching eyes frisked me and he steered me into a humble cafe near the London Palladium. The natives were friendly but did not pester him. Of course, there were the knowing nods and whispers: "It's him, I tell you."

Maybe they didn't expect a secret agent to be drinking tea and nibbling buttered toast in public. McGoohan grinned and explained: "I think it's this flat cap I'm wearing. It doesn't go with the Drake image."

McGoohan has been involved with *Danger Man* for five years. "It's no problem," he told me. "Doing a TV series is just like being in the run of a play, with the added advantage that each week the job is slightly different. Playing a regular character is easier in one way. I know how John Drake would react in most circumstances: what he thinks; how he behaves.

"But the challenge is always there. I have to assess how the other new characters will react to Drake. I have to sense how they are likely to think and behave in given circumstances. That is what makes each new episode a fresh adventure."

Ten years ago I, and several others, hailed Patrick McGoohan as "the man most likely to succeed among the new crop of film actors."

He had the personality and the bite and he had a contract that kept him busy.

What went wrong?

He shrugs. "The films. Some people say I was a rebel. That's not true. The truth is I felt that many of the parts I was given were no help to my career. But don't

Continued on page 27

O'TOOLE'S

On the screen he has roles . . . in

There's a new sparkle in Peter's eyes. No wonder—look at all his pretty co-stars!

Alec Guinness has always maintained that on the screen it is far easier to be good in a drama than it is in a comedy. Many actors who have tried both are quick to agree.

Peter O'Toole has, in *Lawrence Of Arabia*, *Becket* and *Lord Jim*, proved himself to be one of the world's finest dramatic actors. With subtle skill he vividly brought to life the enigmatic Lawrence, the confused and complexed king in *Becket*, and the tortured Jim.

As far as film comedy is concerned, however, O'Toole has not, until recently, been tested. He has, of course, appeared in stage comedies. But, as he points out, that is quite different.

"In the theatre you have the audience to play to and they encourage you," he says. "On a film set it's not the same; there's no audience and you have no time to warm up. Also, it's not always easy to be funny at any time of the day."

O'Toole no doubt discovered this while making his first screen comedy, *What's New, Pussycat?* But he was not put off.

"I enjoyed the experience tremendously," he says. "It was something of a treat to get away from drama."

As O'Toole will tell you, in *What's New, Pussycat?* he is surrounded by the cream of comedy talent.

Not only does the picture star Sellers, but also included in the cast is that brilliant American comedian, Woody Allen, not to mention Hollywood's Paula Prentiss, whom O'Toole describes as being like "the Marx Brothers with sex-appeal."

How can the film best be described? It is a mixture of farce,

He finds . . . Romy Schneider in her shower.

A shot for the album: Peter and the *Pussycat* team.

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always appeared in dramatic
What's New, Pussycat? there was a new challenge

fantasy and free-wheeling romance. It is fresh in its approach, told in a contemporary mood and style, at times completely zany, at times projecting the exuberance and emotions of young people in Paris, where the story is set.

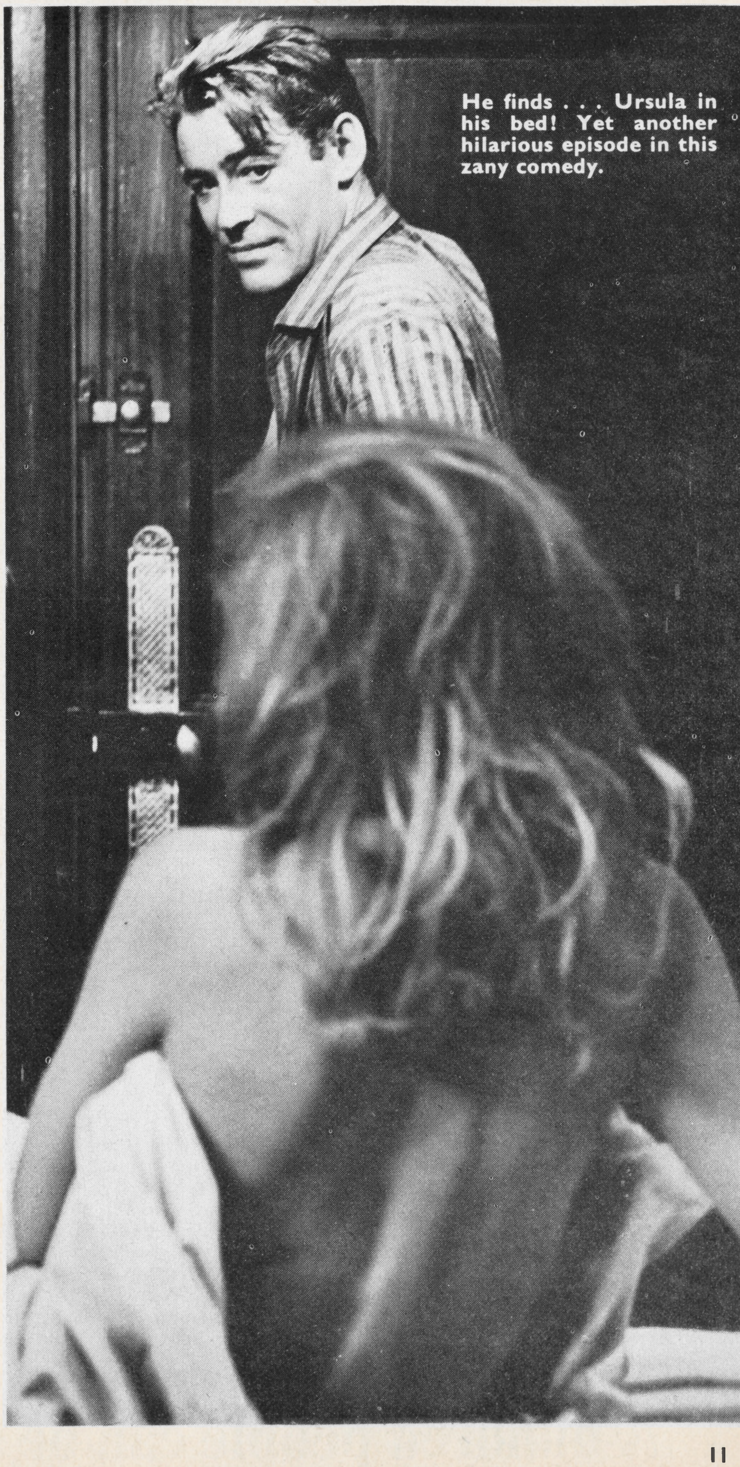
O'Toole plays the features editor of "Chic", one of the leading fashion magazines in Paris. As you may expect, it is an absorbing job: too absorbing in fact. The trouble is, O'Toole finds it difficult to keep his work out of his private life, and as the work often involves being surrounded by beautiful women, there are problems. The most serious of these concerns his fiancee (Romy Schneider). His beautiful-girl neurosis is destroying their romance.

But O'Toole is not the only one in the film who is in trouble with the opposite sex. Peter Sellers, as a mixed-up Viennese professor, also has a problem in the form of his mountainous wife; and Woody Allen, who works as an un-dresser for the strippers at The Crazy Horse, finds that, while he is attracted to every pretty girl he meets, they are rarely attracted to him.

What's New, Pussycat? is not only O'Toole's first comedy—it is also a realisation of a dream. Several years ago, when he was a struggling actor and Sellers was just beginning to break away from *The Goon Show*, the two met at a Chinese restaurant in Soho. They agreed that they would do a play or a film together as soon as the opportunity came along. It did—with *What's New, Pussycat?*

"O'Toole and Sellers are the greatest comedy team since Abbott and Costello," says Charles Feldman, producer of the film. Maybe you will agree.

Guest-star Ursula Andress copes with a spot of bother.



He finds . . . Ursula in his bed! Yet another hilarious episode in this zany comedy.

When the Queen

The Queen is greeted at a premiere at the Odeon, Leicester Square, by Manager Peter Hall. However, she doesn't have to go out to see the latest pictures—she frequently sees films in the comfort of her own home.

The Queen is entertaining a small party of close, personal friends to dinner in the private dining room of the royal apartment on the first floor of Buckingham Palace.

Dinner over, the Queen says during a lull in the conversation: "Well, shall we go to the pictures?"

The others nod their assent and, smiling, the Queen leads the way from the apartment, along the red-carpeted corridor outside, down the stairs and across the Grand Hall with its marble pillars. She pauses before a mahogany door.

On the other side of that door, in a one-time staff dining room tucked away at the rear of Buckingham Palace, the Queen has her own private cinema—equipped with permanent screen, twin sound projectors and red plush, tip-up seats for about 100 people.

This is why you seldom find a mention in the newspapers of her going to the cinema. Keen fan that she is, the Queen can see all the films she wants in the comfort of her own home. And she "goes to the pictures" far more often than most people realise.

Members of the palace staff—footmen, housemaids, kitchen chefs—informed earlier in the day that there is to be a film show, are already in their places when the Queen and her friends enter. They stand up, bowing and curtseying.

The Queen smiles her acknowledgement and leads her friends to a small, raised dais at the back of the room where occasional tables are interspersed between comfortable armchairs.

When everyone is settled, either the Queen or Prince Philip presses a button as a sign to the projectionist—a royal electrician—that they are ready for the show to start. It is usually around ten o'clock by the time dinner is over and the Queen and her friends are in their seats.

The film show runs to around midnight or perhaps a little later. Usually it includes a comedy cartoon followed by a main feature film. Sometimes there is also a newsreel and whispered quips pass between the Queen and Prince Philip whenever shots of themselves appear.

The various other royal residences—Windsor Castle, Balmoral Castle and Sandringham House—are also equipped for film shows, though on a less permanent basis, with projectors and a portable screen being transported to wherever the Queen happens to be staying.

At Windsor Castle, one of the state rooms is used as a temporary cinema, with the Queen and her friends sitting in armchairs, while members of the staff make use of folding canvas chairs.

A hundred people can be seated in the private cinema

goes to the pictures

by Graham and Heather Fisher

At both Balmoral Castle, where the Queen goes for a long, get-away-from-it-all holiday each summer, and Sandringham House, her East Coast residence, where she spends Christmas, films are always shown in the ballroom. Because there is little else to do of an evening at these quiet and remote royal holiday homes, there is a film show nearly every other evening, with fresh films being sent up from London.

At Balmoral, during the Royal Family's long summer stay, there is also a special weekly cartoon show around tea-time on Saturdays for five-year-old Prince Andrew and the small children of friends the Queen happens to have staying with her.

Even the Royal yacht, *Britannia*, is equipped for film shows. A panel at one end of the dining room slides back, enabling the projector—installed in the kitchen—to come into action. During his adventurous trip to Antarctica in the Royal yacht, Prince Philip invited members of an isolated survey team aboard for a film show. It was months since any of them had seen a film and Philip thought it would help to break the monotony of their lonely vigil. The film shown that evening was *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*.

"Perhaps not the best choice," Prince Philip joked at the end, remembering that it was a long, long time since his guests had seen their wives and girl-friends.

The Royal Family's taste in films is wide and varied—and broad-minded. Some years ago, the Queen went to a private showing of Rene Clair's *Les Belles De Nuit*, with its sequence in which Gina Lollobrigida disrobes for a bath. Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowdon, went privately to see *La Dolce Vita* when it was showing in London.

There was another occasion when Princess Margaret went along to see the film *Murder Inc*. She was warned beforehand that it was a pretty tough film.

"Oh, that's all right," she said cheerfully. "I've seen it before."

The Queen likes light comedies, musicals and—rather curiously, perhaps—Westerns, though it is possibly the horses rather than the actors which interest her most. Nevertheless, she was once heard to say that she thought *Shane* one of the best Westerns she had ever seen.

She enjoyed seeing Hayley Mills in such films as *Pollyanna* and *The Parent Trap*, and was a Marilyn Monroe fan. She saw nearly every film Marilyn Monroe made and of *Some Like It Hot*, she commented that she didn't think the part did justice to Marilyn's talents.

Princess Anne is also fond of Westerns. Prince Charles, like Prince Philip, enjoys nothing so much as a good slapstick comedy.

A Royal Favourite

Among the films sent to Windsor Castle when the Queen was there over Easter were *The Wages Of Fear;* the Peter Sellers comedy, *A Shot In The Dark;* and the exciting James Bond film, *Dr. No*. If the Queen really enjoys a film, she will sometimes have it shown again.

She did this once with the Bob Hope-Lucille Ball comedy, *The Facts Of Life*. "If you're feeling in the blues, this will get rid of them," she remarked to her friends as she sat down to see the film.

Neither the Queen nor Prince Philip have any inhibitions about laughing aloud if a film really amuses them. The Queen's father, the late King George VI, would really get into the spirit of things. At Balmoral on one occasion he became so excited as the villain crept up on the hero that he could not restrain a warning shout of, "Look behind you!" And more than once, if a love scene was too wordy and protracted, he would call out, "Get on with it!"

The Queen is a knowledgeable movie-goer. Entertaining Princess Grace of Monaco to lunch at Buckingham Palace on one occasion, she revealed considerable knowledge of the films her guest had made in the days when she was Grace Kelly.

The Queen is also a keen amateur movie maker and whenever she travels about the world, her movie camera is never very far from her side. She has many films of the Royal children, and at the races she likes to film the finish if one of her own horses is in the running.

She has quite a collection of these racing films and shows them to her personal friends from time to time. But what was perhaps her biggest race victory is missing. When her horse Aureole won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes in a close finish from Madame Volterra's Vamos, the Queen was so excited she forgot all about her movie camera!

Of course, the Queen's world-wide travels take her to some out-of-the-way places and enable her to film many unusual events. Her home movies include shots of the gushing geysers of Rotorua in New Zealand; an exciting shark-fishing tussle from the deck of the Royal yacht; and the display put on by New York's fire floats when she made a trip on the Staten Island ferry.

A Royal joke shared with Omar Sharif.

With so many other demands on her time, the Queen, though an enthusiastic movie-goer in private, seems to go to the cinema less frequently these days in her public capacity as Monarch. She did go to the premieres of *Lawrence Of Arabia*, *The Victors* and *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, but she was not at the Royal Film Show last year (because of the birth of Prince Edward), or this year.

This year, when *Lord Jim* was the film selected, the Queen Mother attended, along with Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon and Prince William of Gloucester. Last year, when the choice was *Move Over, Darling*, Prince Philip attended and had a word of sympathy for Britt Ekland.

"I'm sorry your husband has had to leave you so soon," he remarked, knowing that Britt had married only the previous Wednesday and that her husband, Peter Sellers, had had to fly out to America on the Sunday.

The Royal Film Show is not a "Command Performance" in the strict sense of the phrase. The films selected are picked, not by the Queen herself, but by a committee. Over the years they have ranged from epics, like *Scott Of The Antarctic*, to films with a moral, like *The Last Angry Man;* from musicals, like *West Side Story*, to such varied choices as *The Horse's Mouth*, *The Mudlark* and *Sammy Going South*.

The presentation of top stars and movie-makers, which is an integral part of the Royal Film Show, has not always been without incident. One year there was a considerable hiatus when Jayne Mansfield's skin-tight dress split abruptly just before she was due to be presented.

At one time, with everyone trying to get in on the act, the presentation line-up seemed to get longer and longer each year.

"Oh, what a lot of people," the Queen was heard to remark on one occasion. The people in charge took the hint and thereafter the line-up was shorter.

Prince Philip can usually be relied upon to come out with a wisecrack to relieve nerves and tension—for even top movie stars are apt to feel nervous when being presented to the Queen. Greeting Danny Kaye, for instance, Prince Philip recalled the time he and Danny, at a party, had joined in singing a song with the somewhat curious lyrics, "Hell's bells, H. G. Wells and incandescent lights."

Lord Snowdon is similarly informal and very much at ease on such occasions. One actress presented to him when he attended the premiere of *Sparrows Can't Sing*, was the star of the film, Barbara Windsor.

"Do you remember . . . ?" Barbara started to say, recalling the time she was in a revue called *Keep Your Hair On*, for which Lord Snowdon, then photographer Tony Armstrong-Jones, had designed huge photographic sets.

"Do I remember?" he repeated, grinning. "Of course I remember. I could hardly forget it, could I? It was a bit of a flop!"

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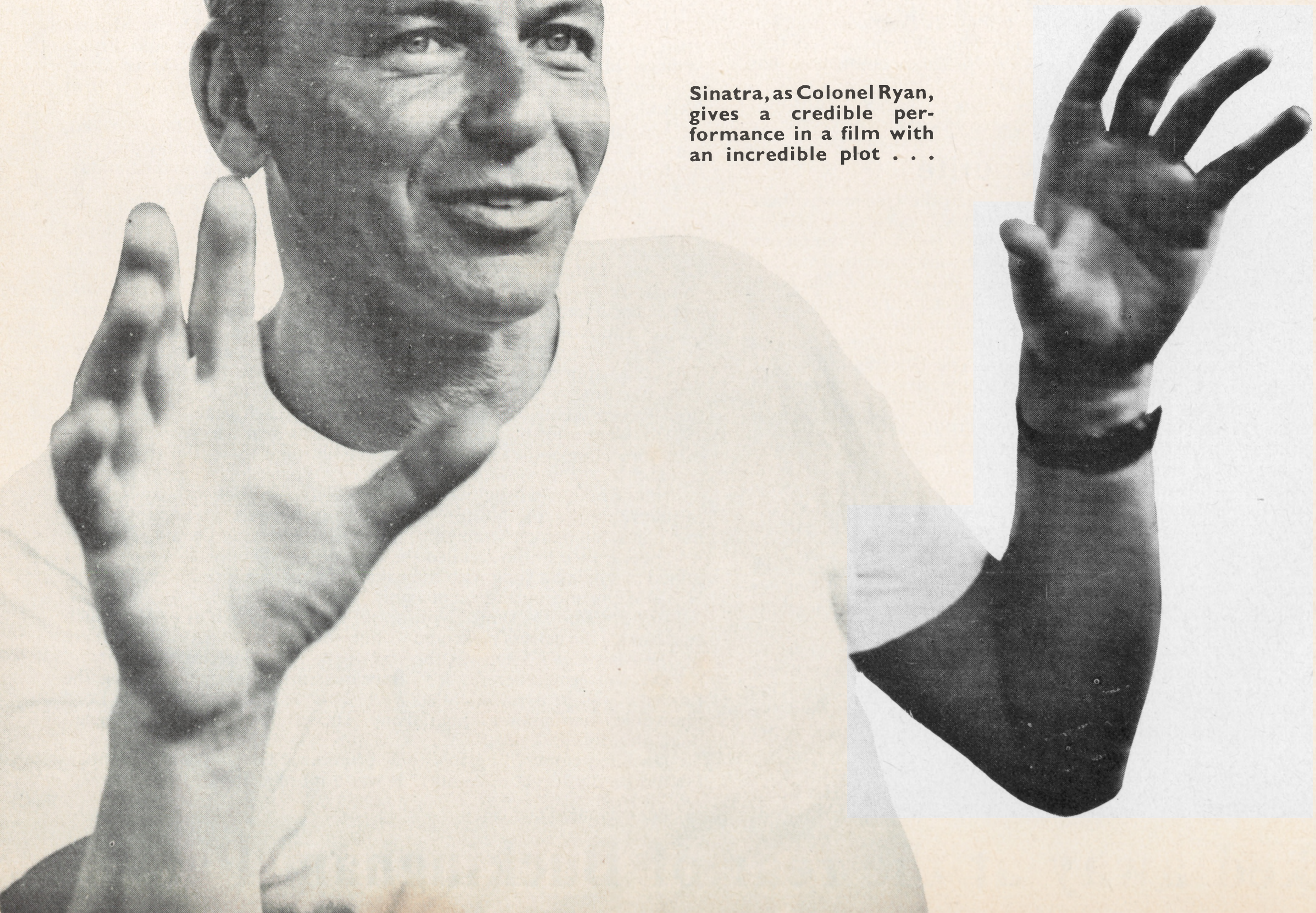
tucked away at the rear of Buckingham Palace

*Film of the Month: *VON RYAN'S EXPRESS*

FRANKIE



Sinatra, as Colonel Ryan, gives a credible performance in a film with an incredible plot . . .

FOOLS THE NAZIS

There is hardly a dull moment in the whole picture, says John Webster

THERE is a scene in *Von Ryan's Express* in which Frank Sinatra, dressed as a German soldier, is confronted by an evil-eyed Gestapo agent who is intrigued by the watch Sinatra is wearing.

Sinatra's position is uncomfortable, to say the least. He is masquerading as a German and doesn't speak a word of the language. The agent's interest in the watch is understandable: it is an American make. And what is a German soldier doing with an American watch in his possession?

Fortunately for Sinatra, a British officer, also dressed as a German, is close at hand. He speaks perfect German and is situated behind the Gestapo agent; with mime he manages to get across to Sinatra what the man is saying.

This, however, doesn't ease the tenseness of the situation. It soon becomes apparent that the Gestapo agent has accepted the story that the watch was taken from an American—and, what is more, he wants to buy it! But Sinatra doesn't seem keen to part with the watch. Instead of getting rid of the man by taking his first offer—a pair of nylons—he decides to make a hard bargain with him.

When he turns down the offer of one pair of nylons the German offers two pairs—but still Sinatra's answer is No, despite the agonised look from the British officer who fears that any second the Gestapo agent will say something that will defy his mimed translation.

Then, just as it seems that Sinatra is pushing his luck too far, the German reluctantly produces a packet of American cigarettes. This offer brings a smile to Sinatra's face. The deal is done . . . and the agent leaves.

This is just one of the exciting scenes in Mark Robson's new war drama. What are Sinatra and the British officer doing in enemy uniforms?

It's all part of their daring plan to escape from Italy into Switzerland, with scores of other prisoners.

Sinatra plays Colonel Ryan, an American pilot who is shot down and captured in Italy in 1943. His inclination, once in the prison camp, is to make the most of his internment and wait for the end of the war. He can't understand why the other prisoners in the camp, mostly British infantrymen captured two years previously in Tobruk, are busting to break out and get back into the fight. At first he will have nothing to do with their plans for escape.

However, he underestimates the spirit of the British officers, headed by Trevor Howard, Edward Mulhare, Michael Goodliffe and John Leyton. They refuse to sit tight. And when Italy surrenders and the Nazis swamp the land, Ryan, for the first time, asserts his authority as senior officer and engineers a mass escape.

But disaster follows: he makes a vital mistake and the men are recaptured. To make matters worse, many of them are killed. As a result the survivors christen him "Von Ryan."

From then on there are two intriguing battles: the battle between Sinatra and Howard, and the battle between them and the Germans.

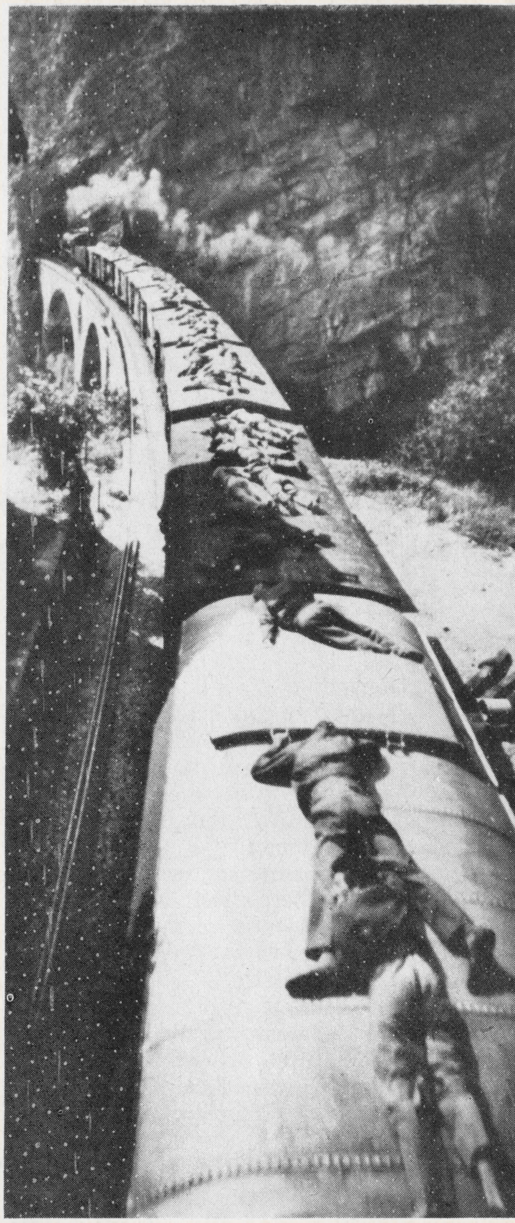
The film has many thrilling moments, and there is one unforgettable scene of breathtaking excitement when Ryan and the British officers manage to take over the prison train that is transporting them to a new camp.

It is after capturing the train that they don the enemy uniforms and begin to bluff their way across the German-occupied country.

Much of the praise for this excellent film must go to Mark Robson. Each scene is tautly directed; there is hardly a dull moment in the whole picture.

Certainly the story sometimes asks you to believe the impossible, but it does it so well you are not likely to argue.

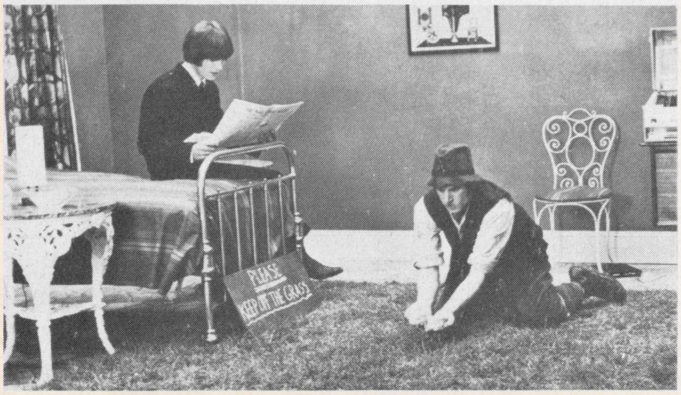
Then, of course, there are the stars; Sinatra and Howard. Both give credible performances in a film with an incredible plot. They help to make *Von Ryan's Express* one of the most entertaining war films I have seen for a long time.



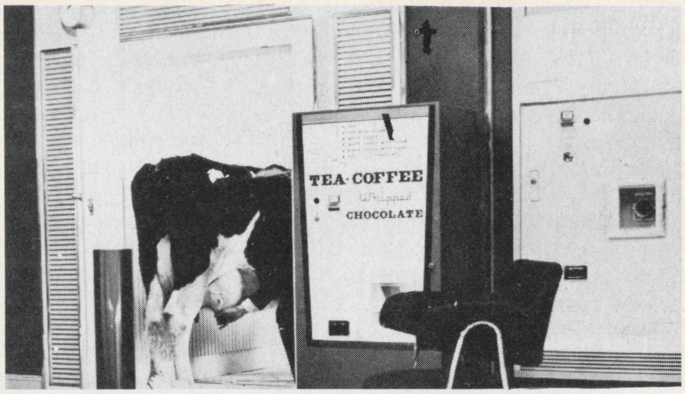
Sinatra's men make their escape-bid—taking over the heavily-guarded train.

Get This Crazy House!

There's a lawn in one of the rooms – and a cow in the fridge



Keep off the grass—George's gardener at work.



I've heard of fresh cream, but this is ridiculous!

Not even the Beatles had seen a home like this before. And they know a thing or two about luxury. In their round-the-globe travels they've stayed at the most expensive hotels and visited the mansions of many a millionaire.

The boys themselves own very grand homes. But there's nothing to match this zany, all mod. con. apartment specially designed by Ray Simms for their new film, *Help!*

"The place is the most modern H-bomb shelter in the world, when it comes to fixtures, fittings and stores," says Ringo enthusiastically.

"There is so much of everything inside, we could all lay low for six months and not want for anything. There are automatic food-vending machines, a giant fridge containing the freshest milk—there's a cow inside!—and an indoor garden . . ."

Mowing—or Eating?

A garden? Well, as co-star Eleanor Bron put it: "Not so much a garden, more an indoor lawn." The grass is cut regularly by a quaint old gardener with a lawn-mower which has no blades—he uses false teeth instead!

Paul is delighted with the home. He has a vast electric-organ, which rises sedately out of the floor, just like a cinema-organ.

"I'm no Sandy MacPherson, though," he quips.

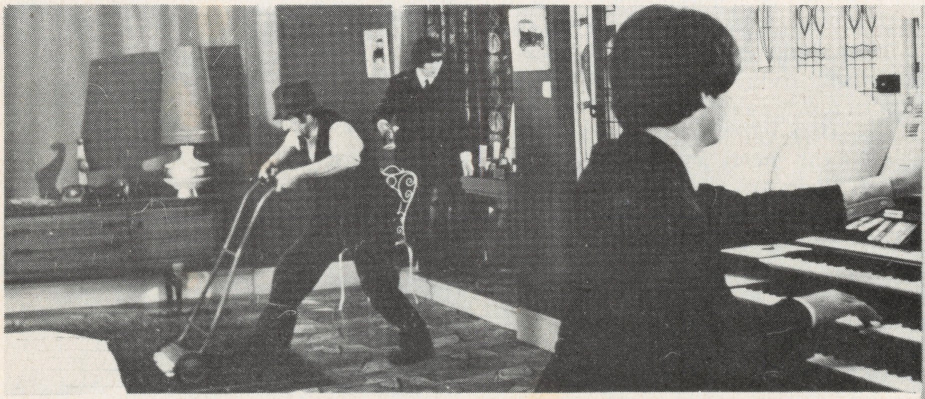
John also seems very much at home in the eccentric pad. "And why not?" he says. "I have the latest line in beds. It's built into a sunken recess in the floor. A great invention: You can't fall out of it . . . only into it!"

George and Ringo, too, are wild about the place. "You are never lost for something to do," they say.

"After all, if it's raining outside you can always go into the house and do a bit of gardening!"

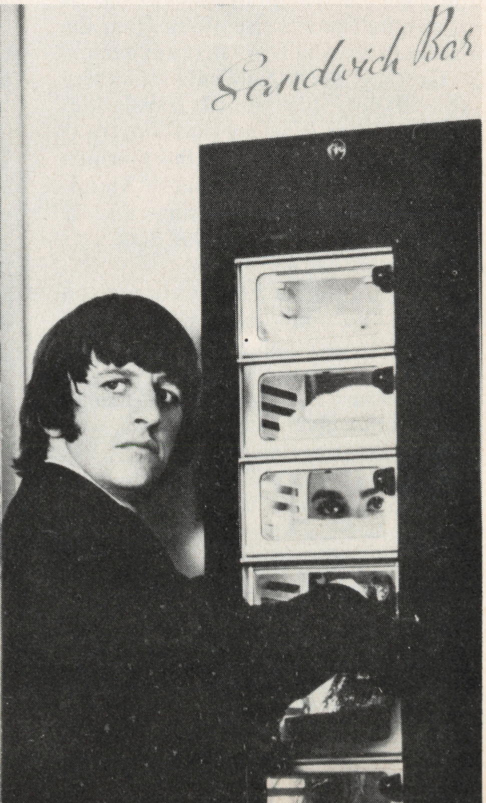
Or play cricket ?

Just a typical day at home with the Beatles . . . !



It's down to bed for John—he sleeps in the floor!

Help! "My hand sandwiched. . . ."



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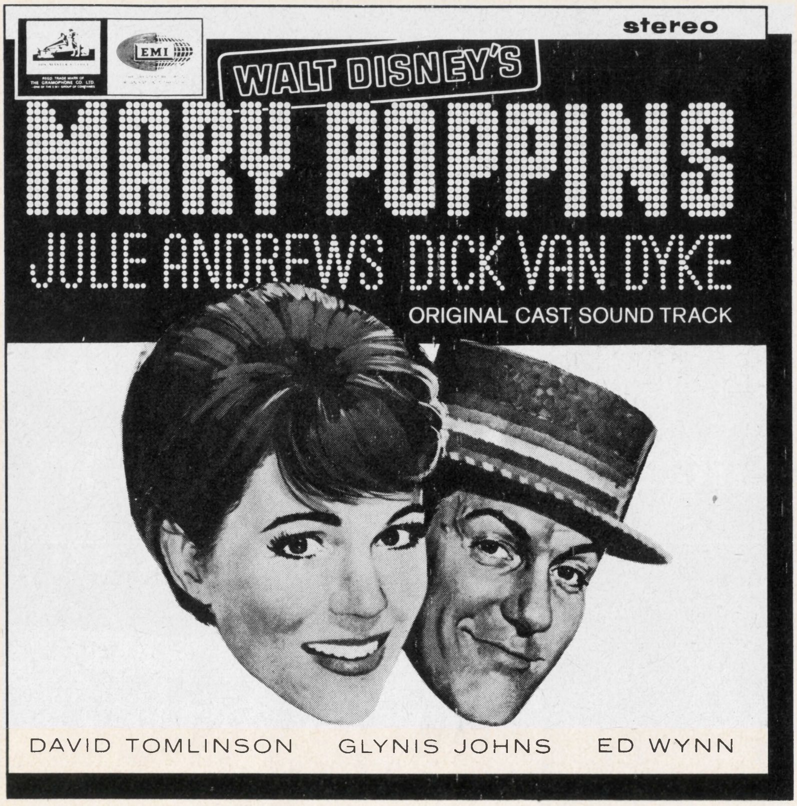
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WALT DISNEY'S

MARY POPPINS

PEOPLE in show business are calling *Mary Poppins* the most successful film ever made. And if you think that's an exaggeration, you don't know the fantastic figures that have emerged from a quick count of the box-office takings of the memorable Disney fairy story since it opened in America last year.

At a recent count, the film had taken well over £5-million in America alone. By the time Canada's box-office returns are taken into consideration, this figure rises to an amazing £11-million!

But that's only half the story; swift accounting on the eventual receipts from the rest of the world provides the staggering news that *Mary Poppins* will make a gross profit of over £22-million!

Mary Poppins a giant success? The figures speak for themselves. In fact, in a short time, the film has soundly beaten Disney's previous top money-spinner, *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs*—and that was made in 1937.

Is it so surprising that the film has been a huge success? Not really. It has all the ingredients necessary for a box-office hit.

Almost from the day the enchanting, elusive character appeared on the literary scene in 1934, from the pen of English authoress P. L. Travers, she seemed destined to gain additional fame through the entertainment medium.

Theatrical, film and television producers tried to obtain rights to the *Mary Poppins* books, but all were rejected by the authoress. She feared what might happen to the stories, and her heroine, in the dramatization.

Disney first became aware of *Mary Poppins* about fifteen years ago when one of his daughters introduced him to the magical nanny. Her enthusiasm

Continued overleaf

MARY POPPINS

Continued from previous page

for the books prompted him to read them and he immediately saw their potential as material for a film.

However, learning that film rights were unobtainable, he temporarily abandoned the idea. Then, several years ago, Disney and Mrs. Travers happened to meet in London. They discussed the possibility of bringing *Mary Poppins* to the screen and the authoress, knowing the producer's integrity, agreed to relinquish the film rights if his approach to the stories met with her approval.

On Disney's return to the studio, the project was set in motion and several months later, Mrs. Travers was invited to attend story conferences. Delighted with the treatment her heroine was receiving, the authoress signed the contracts.

The screenplay was put into the hands of two of Disney's top writers, Bill Walsh and Don DaGradi. Walsh, one of Hollywood's most gifted writers, also served as Disney's co-producer.

To handle the direction of the giant production, Disney called on Robert Stevenson who, in the past, had directed such Disney successes as *Old Yeller*, *The Absent Minded Professor* and *In Search Of The Castaways*.

In addition to director Robert Stevenson, co-producer Bill Walsh, writer Don DaGradi, the composers, musical director and choreographers, Disney got some of the top creative people from Hollywood, Broadway and London to merge their individual talents into the making of what is his most ambitious picture.

In a musical feature like *Mary Poppins*, the special effects experts have a field day. Peter Ellenshaw, Eustace Lycett and Robert A. Mattey combined their skills to perfect the amazing feats in *Mary Poppins*.

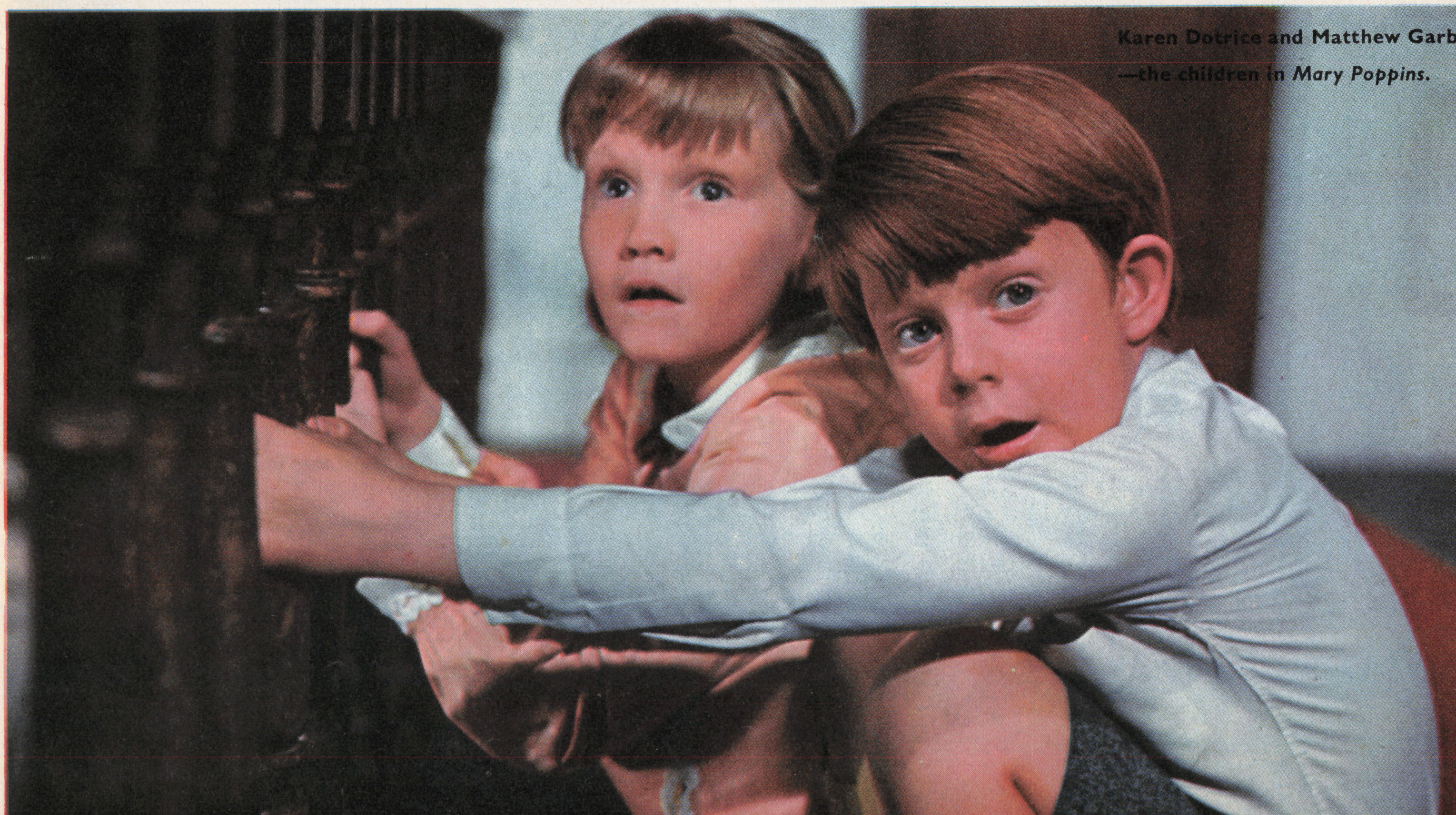
Edward Colman, whose cinematography so imaginatively captured the mood and action of *Babes In Toyland*, *The Absent Minded Professor* and *Son Of Flubber*, was the director of photography.

These talents—and many others—have produced a film that is Walt Disney's supreme achievement in screen entertainment.

Top left: Julie and Dick in the Jolly Holiday sequence.

Top right: Fun and games for the sweeps in Cherry Tree Lane.

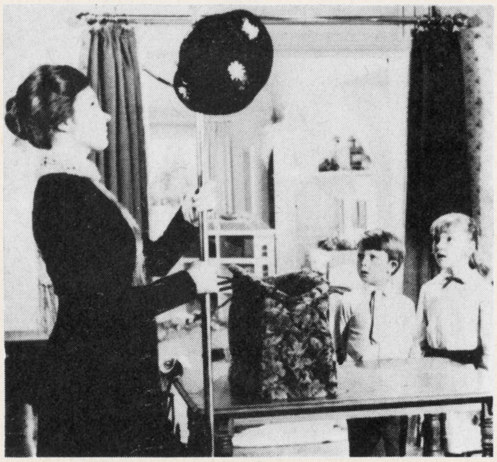
ck leads the sweeps in the fantastic roof-top sequence



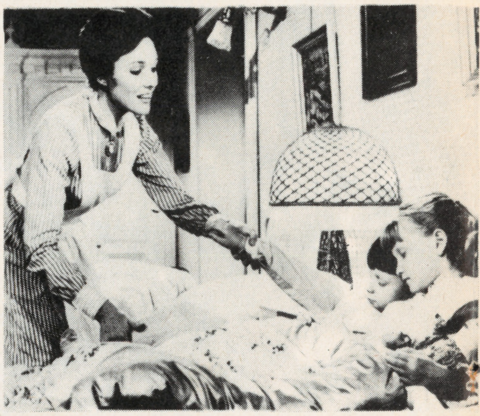
Karen Dotrice and Matthew Garb
—the children in *Mary Poppins*.

THE STORY OF MARY POPPINS

Mr. and Mrs. Banks have lost yet another nanny. But there are surprises on the way.



Magical Mary Poppins takes over . . . . and the children are amazed.



Mary's lullaby is called *Stay Awake*! . . . but it has been quite a day!

Mary and Bert enter an enchanting world. The children are not far behind.

Off on a *Jolly Holiday*; with Mary and Bert it's all fun.

Slowly, Mr. Banks enjoys life again—thanks to Mary Poppins!

On Cherry Tree Lane a west wind is blowing. It ruffles the blossoms on the trees and sets the curtains swaying at the windows of No. 17, the home of the Banks family.

It is inside No. 17 that our story begins. Mrs. Banks arrives home from a suffragette meeting to find that the sixth nanny in four months is resigning. Her husband, George Banks, a man who runs his life and his household with rigid austerity, is furious.

A nanny who is efficient and firm enough to handle his two children, Jane and Michael, must be found.

Of course, the children have their own ideas as to the type of nanny they want. However, Mr. Banks is not impressed with their paper of specifications and he tears it up, throwing the scraps of paper into the fireplace.

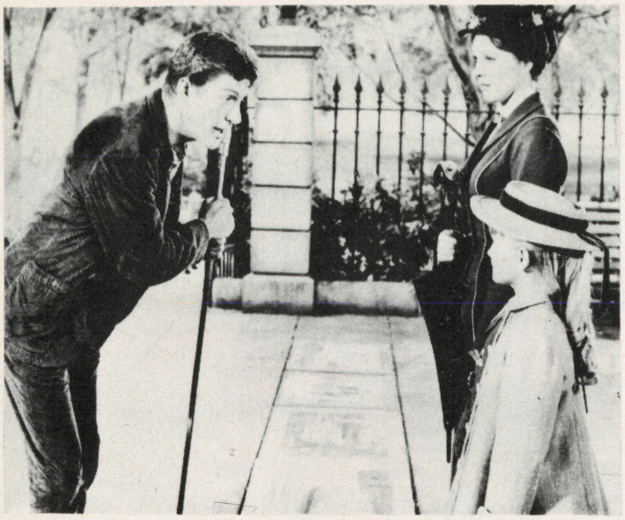
That night the west wind is still blowing down the lane, but stronger now. It swirls down the chimney of No. 17 and stirs the bits of paper on which Jane and Michael had written their specifications. Then suddenly, with a leap and a whirl, it bears the pieces up into the night sky.

The next day a long queue of grim-faced females, bearing a copy of *The Times*, in which Mr. Banks has placed his advertisement, stands outside the Banks' residence. Suddenly, a great wind blows and the women are swept from the street; and in sails Mary Poppins on her umbrella bearing the children's specification sheet, now whole again. She walks into the Banks' parlour and, instead of Mr. Banks interviewing her, she interviews him, saying she will give the family a week's trial before deciding whether or not she will take the position. And sliding *up* the banisters, she takes the amazed children into their nursery, and proceeds to tidy it up—by magic!

That day Mary Poppins takes the children to the park for a walk. There they meet an old friend of Mary's: Bert, a jack-of-all-trades. Bert is drawing on the pavement with coloured chalks. The children look at the pictures and one, a countryside scene, holds their interest particularly.

It is then that they experience, once again, the magic of Mary Poppins. With Mary and Bert they step into the countryside picture and, with a puff of smoke, they become a part of the scene.

With Mary Poppins never far away, Jane and Michael enjoy many other wonderful and exciting magical adventures. And the residents of No. 17 Cherry Tree Lane live, as in all good fairy stories, happily ever after.



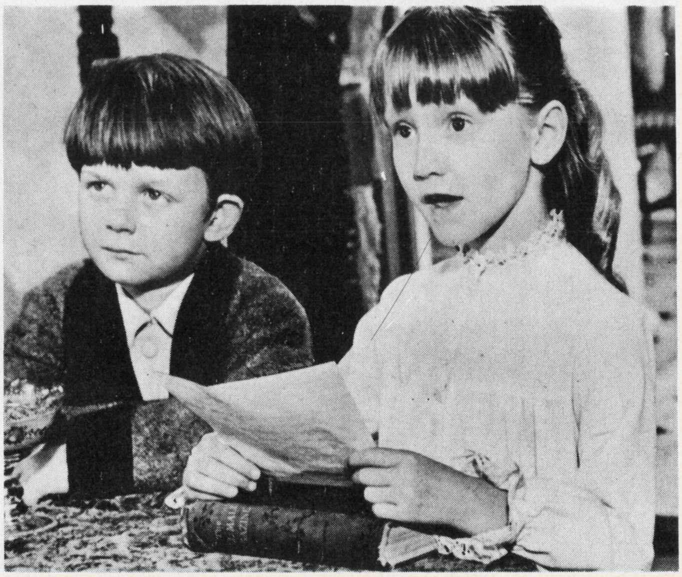
Young Jane is intrigued by Bert's pictures.

All's well: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

CAST: JULIE ANDREWS Mary Poppins; DICK VAN DYKE Bert; DAVID TOMLINSON Mr. Banks; GLYNIS JOHNS Mrs. Banks; ED WYNN Uncle Albert; HERMIONE BADDELEY Ellen; KAREN DOTRICE Jane Banks; MATTHEW GARBER Michael Banks; ELSA LANCHESTER Katie Nanna; ARTHUR TREACHER Constable Jones; REGINALD OWEN Admiral Boom; RETA SHAW Mrs. Brill; ARTHUR MALET Mr. Dawes, Jr.; JANE DARWELL The Bird Woman; CYRIL DELEVANTI Mr. Grubbs; LESTER MATTHEWS Mr. Tomes; CLIVE L. HALLIDAY Mr. Mousley; DON BARCLAY Mr. Binnacle; MARJORIE BENNETT Miss Lark; ALMA LAWTON Mrs. Corry; MARJORIE EATON Miss Persimmon.

CREDITS: Directed by Robert Stevenson; Co-Producer Bill Walsh; Screenplay by Bill Walsh, Don DaGradi—Based on the "Mary Poppins" books by P. L. Travers; Music and Lyrics by Richard M. Sherman, Robert B. Sherman.

Wonder-children in Disneyland



Karen Dotrice with her screen "brother", Matthew Garber.

To meet the latest British actress snapped up by Hollywood, you go deep into the heart of Shakespeare country, to a fine house called Greystones, about two miles from the Warwickshire village of Shipston-on-Stour.

And there, in the four-acre grounds surrounding the house, you will find her larking about with her pets, a Great Dane justifiably titled Baron, and, of all things, a badger, which answers to the name of Beauregard. At least, our new Hollywood star will be playing there if you arrive at the right time. Call too early, and she'll still be at school . . .

For this young star is no svelte and sensuous starlet, but a nine-year-old poppet called Karen Dotrice—best known to the world just now as Jane Banks, one of Julie Andrews' small charges in *Mary Poppins*.

With her screen "brother" (another nine-year-old wonder-child, Matthew Garber, from London) Karen is the latest in a long line of youngsters to become stars—thanks to the perceptive eye of Disney.

The children first appeared together in a British Disney film, *The Three Lives Of Thomasina*. Then came the call to Hollywood and *Mary Poppins*—Uncle Walt's greatest success. Now they are back in Disneyland making *Gnomobiles*—which stars them with his latest creations, giant "animatronic" figures which were a tremendous hit at the New York World's Fair. No child could ask for better toys!

Normally, I wouldn't cross the road to talk to a child-star. After one film, one play—or even one simple line—so many of them are suddenly stricken with a sickening precociousness and atrocious manners.

Karen and Matthew are very different. Their parents work hard to make sure that the fame and fortune does not spoil them.

Karen, for instance, comes from an acting family, which gives her no opportunity to up-stage anyone! "It's still a big game to her," her father, Roy Dotrice, told me. He has just made his first film, *The Heroes Of Telemark*, but is already a star on the stage with the Royal Shakespeare Company; so is his eldest daughter, Michele.

And it was with her father, and this illustrious company, that Karen made her acting debut when she was four.

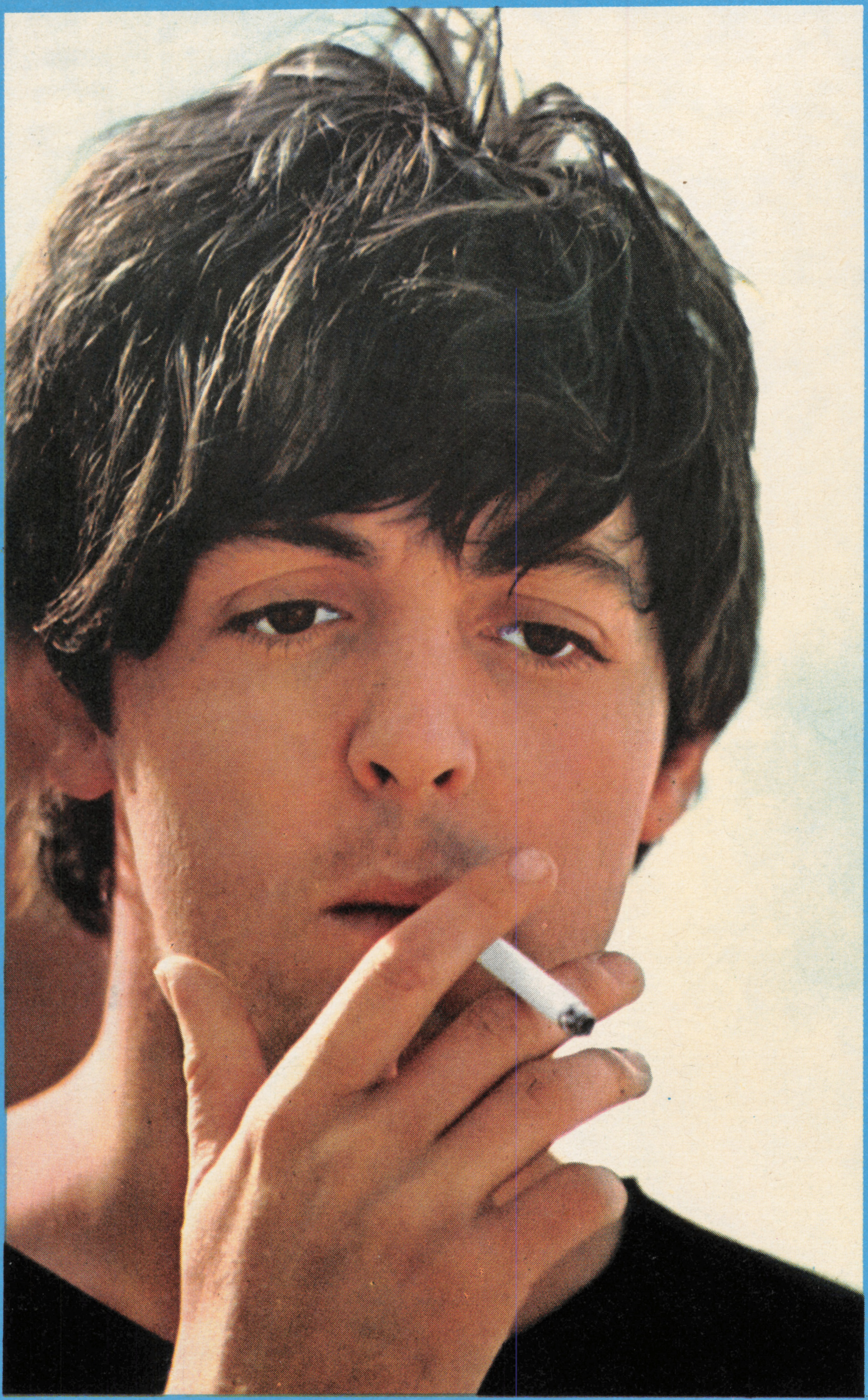
"We couldn't find a small boy for a part in *Caucasian Chalk Circle*," Roy told me. "I mentioned my daughter, and that was that."

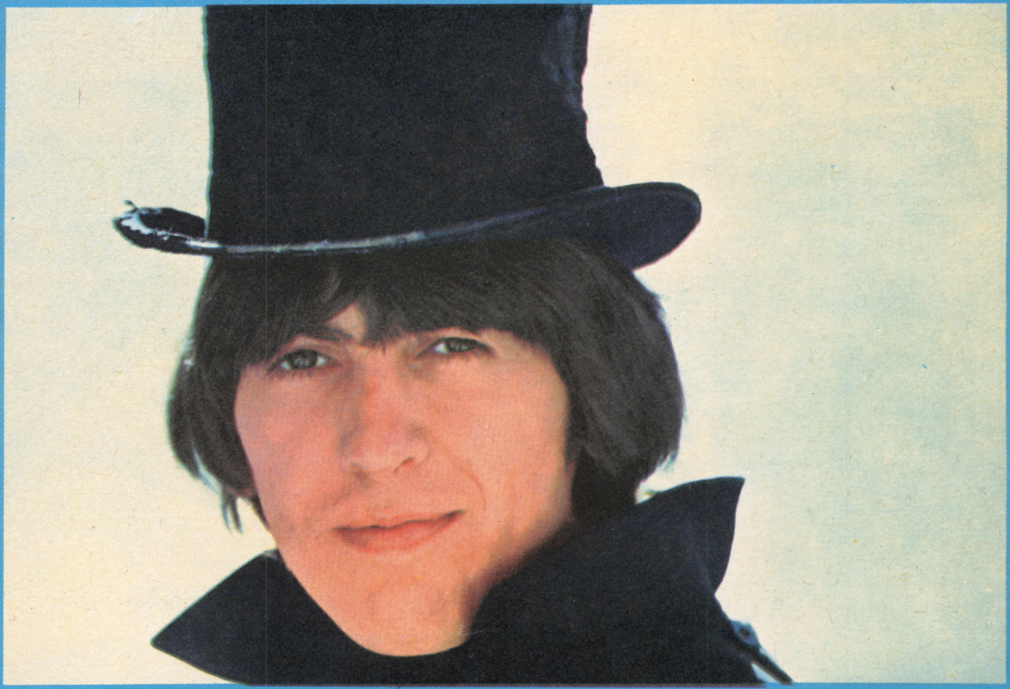
At Greystones, Mrs. Dotrice told me the rest of the story. "Karen got excellent notices from some top critics for her part in the *Chalk Circle*—quite ridiculous really! Then two things happened which eventually linked up, though we had no idea of it then.

"First, we received a letter from P. L. Travers (the author of *Mary Poppins*) who said: '*I saw my little Jane in the play last night.*' She mentioned her book and that it might be filmed. Nothing more.

"Next we heard from an agent, Maud Spector, who asked if we would let Karen make a test for *Thomasina*. Roy and I discussed it at length and thought: *Well, why not?* Mr. Disney was so pleased with Karen in that film that he asked us if we would take her to Hollywood to play Jane."

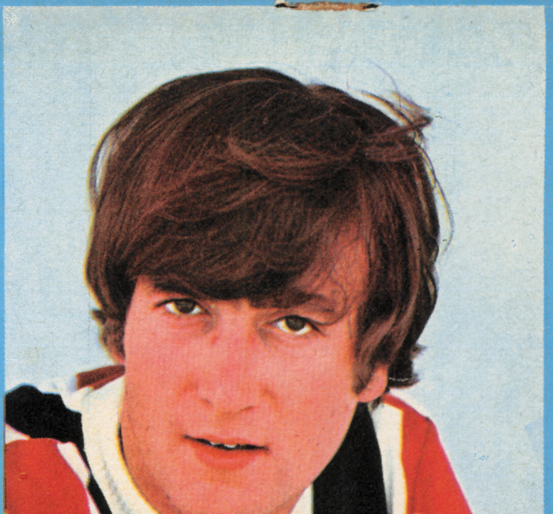
Continued on page 42





A SHOWTIME
SOUVENIR
PORTRAIT

The Beatles



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'I'm not a planning man—I just like to work'

think that I am no longer interested in films. Far from it."

McGoohan has had plenty of film offers since he clicked with *Danger Man.*

"My next film, and it could be soon, will be a big, international picture with several big names. It's the only way to get properly known. There aren't many big gamblers in the film business and, frankly, with my screen record, I can't blame people for not wanting to risk pinning their faith on me when they can get the Burtons and the Harrisons and so on."

Of course, there have been suggestions that he should take *Danger Man* on to the stage, and make a film of the character. But, no dice. He said thoughtfully: "There are too many spy films being made and I think that *Danger Man* would fall between several stools as a picture.

"Anyway, I'm not a planning man. I just like to work and usually I find that things fall into their place. For instance, there's talk of my being in an important play on Broadway soon. That should be interesting, and it could easily happen, because these days the Atlantic is such a tiny strip of water."

One thing McGoohan is sure about: he does not want to do TV plays. "What's the point?" he asks. "I get plenty of exposure already on the little screen."

Eventually, he would like to direct, but not to the exclusion of acting. "Direction must be fascinating especially if, like me, one is interested in the technical side of the business."

He regards the director as the most important cog in the film wheel. Even more important than the writer. "A bad director can pull down a fine story or script, but a good one can pull up a not-so-good screenplay. Yes, I am always interested first in who is going to direct me, for I figure that a really good director would never make a film of a hopelessly bad script."

Violence and Sex

Naturally, I raised the question of McGoohan's fastidiousness about the type of person he plays on television. He smiled faintly, as if to say: *This is where I came in . . .*

"First, I want to correct one false impression. People seem to think that I am a prude because I won't put over extreme violence and sex in *Danger Man.* Well, I am certainly no prude. After all, I've played *Hamlet* on the stage, and that just about covers everything in that line.

"But there are some things that can be done on the stage and in films that just cannot be done on television—not if you believe, as I do, that one has a responsibility to the young.

"I would have jumped at the chance of playing Larry Harvey's role in *Room At The Top.* I don't mind if sex and violence are an essential part of the character. But I hate to see them dragged in as a gimmick.

"Take the James Bond films. I think they are grand entertainment, but I think it's pernicious that Bond is becoming a cult. All these Bond raincoats and so on, and all the publicity, can easily lead young, impressionable lads into believing that the Bond way of life is the right one when, of course, it isn't.

"The fact is that James Bond is a playboy. All those dames in bikinis and all that high living is good fun if it's not taken seriously, but there's the danger that it may be. It is all wrong if kids regard Bond as a hero. He's not. A real hero is always a one-woman guy.

"If ever John Drake came up against James Bond, Drake would win, even if he had the stuffing knocked out of him. You see Drake is a dedicated character. He may be more dull than Bond, but he does his job better, more efficiently.

Away from Drake, Patrick McGoohan leads a quiet, family life . . . enjoying the occasional game of snooker at his local working men's club and having a pint at a nearby pub.

"Anyway, I'm a family man. I wouldn't want my children to see me slopping around with sexy pieces like Bond does, or beating up people or being beaten up. But surely that doesn't make me a prude," McGoohan emphasised.

While Patrick McGoohan "lets his future fall into place," he is content to carry on with *Danger Man.* "It's a bit like repertory; learning one episode, working out another, shooting another. It's more fun than many a feature film, where you can sit on your behind for two or three days at a time, doing nothing. But with a series like *Danger Man,* you are constantly on your toes."

Away from the edgy perils of television life as a secret agent, Patrick McGoohan, at 37, leads a quiet life with his ex-actress wife, Joan, and their three children, in a pleasant house at Mill Hill, in North-West London. He plays squash "both for fun and because work demands genuine fitness"; he drops in for an occasional drink at his local where he is Pat McGoohan and not John Drake; and he enjoys snooker at the local working men's club.

But mostly it's work. Either shooting, learning scripts or reading fresh ones. And it is usually bed by 10.30 p.m. He talks quietly and decisively and, though he gives the impression of a man who would be more than useful on your side in a punch-up, he is both shy and reserved until he gets to know and trust you.

He finds money useful but not all-important. "It mostly goes in taxes, but having it makes you independent. You can buy a property that interests you or you can wait for somebody to come up with an exciting proposition. I've certainly no wish to accumulate a stack of money and then retire. I like the activity of my job."

I let secret agent John Drake pay for the tea and buttered toast. After all, he is reputed now to be making around £2,000 a week and with a gentleman's agreement with Lew Grade to do another series of *Danger Man* for America, there seems no signs of the gravy drying-up.

* * * The day they asked

Edina to strip * * * * *

SEX has been a strong talking point in the film business once again. Even more so than usual. Both on the screen (Carroll Baker, etc.) and off it (Ursula Andress, Carol Lynley, Stella Stevens posing nude for Playboy). And each country seems to be vying with its neighbour and making bolder and franker films about love—and, sometimes, marriage.

These were the kind of topics I discussed over lunch with Edina Ronay. An obvious choice, for Edina takes my vote as the sexiest young actress in the London studios these days. The nearest thing in looks and style to the immortal Brigitte Bardot.

With numerous small roles behind her—from being a teenage St. Trinian's girl to a nurse in *The Collector* —Edina, daughter of Hungarian gourmet Egon Ronay, is now on the brink of a Hollywood contract and international stardom. And so she knows enough about her business to fill me in on the facts of film-life.

Her latest role, for instance—a very young Cockney tart in the new-style Sherlock Holmes adventure, *A Study In Terror*—features her in a scene, stripping down to her Victorian undies.

"There's nobody else in the scene," she explained. "Just me and the camera. It was like seducing the camera—and through it, seducing every man in the audience! Even so, the American producers were not quite satisfied. '*She's gotta take more off*,' they would say. '*Nonsense*,' I said. '*The sex is in my eyes . . .*' And it is. There's no need to go any further.

"Not that I ever would. Nudity is not my scene. I would never agree to take off all my clothes in a film. Maybe, if I had the leading role in some art-movie . . . I mean a really beautiful, beautiful movie. Otherwise never—unless it was in the dark; a silhouette sequence or something like that."

"*Other actresses, even big stars, seem to disagree with you*," I ventured. "*So why do you take this stand?*"

"I just don't happen to think that a nude girl is ever really necessary in a film," explained Edina. "I mean, it is

Continued on page 39

A TONY CRAWLEY INTERVIEW

Photographs by Emilio Lari

THE Dick Tatham COLUMN

What success has meant to Tom

"I have this fear that is seldom far from my mind. That is why I am striving fiercely all the time to keep my career on the up-and-up. When I feel that I am properly established—that I am here to stay, irrespective of what happens to my discs—that fear will fade..."

The voice of Tom Jones was hoarse and subdued as he talked to me backstage. A heavy singing schedule had temporarily taken its toll, but there was no mistaking the earnestness with which he spoke. However, as I discovered, Tom's fear is not for himself. It is for his father—Tom Woodward.

"He is 55," Tom told me. "He's been working in the mines ever since I can remember. But he has a fine voice. In fact, he taught me to sing. When I started my career I made a vow that if I established myself at the top, I would get Dad to leave the mines.

"It's not only the tough grind of the work, it's the constant danger. Every time I hear there has been a mine disaster I go cold all over in case my father is involved."

Is it Tom's idea to get his father settled in a more comfortable job?

"Definitely not," was his emphatic answer. "I think he has had more than his share of hard work. I would like him to retire and enjoy himself."

Meanwhile, another of Tom's ambitions has been achieved: he and his wife, Linda, recently moved with Mark, their eight-year-old son, into a new house at Shepperton, Middlesex. By show business standards, it is far from lavish—it cost a modest £8,000. But it is a landmark in Tom's life.

"Up till now," he told me, "the only real home I've known is the terraced house in Pontypridd, where my parents have lived since they were married. Now I have several relations who are pretty well off, and they bought themselves houses ages ago. Naturally my mother was always very keen for me to buy a home.

"It wasn't long ago that I was going to put in for a council house. So if anyone had told me at the start of 1965 that I would soon be the proud owner of a modern house just a couple of

When he has a moment to spare it's not unusual to find Tom Jones amusing children in the park.

hundred yards from the Thames, I would have laughed in his face."

Tom's house is unusually designed. It has lots of glass, one big room downstairs and the staircase is in the middle. He is pleased that the Thames is nearby because he loves swimming. He also plans to buy a boat. And there is plenty of good countryside in the area, so Tom can go horse-riding when he has time, and the local is just around the corner!

Apart from the house, fame has given Tom other rewards. "I love to travel," he told me. "For years I wanted to fly, and this wish came true last April, when Linda and I flew to the South of France.

Natty Dresser

"We were there for a few days only, but what was so great—apart from the flying—was the fact that I was able to shove off abroad more or less on the spur of the moment. In the old days, it would have meant putting money aside over the year. And that was far too laborious a method for me!"

He also loves clothes.

"Before," explained Tom, "buying a suit was no end of a performance. I had to think twice about whether I could afford one. Then it meant a hunt around the shops trying to find something that was both good and cheap—which isn't easy these days.

"Even now I'm not extravagant. I don't believe in owning 50 suits. I make sure the 15 I have in my wardrobe are top quality. Shirts I *do* buy in large quantities. I normally have *dozens* in stock. But I find with stage work you need them."

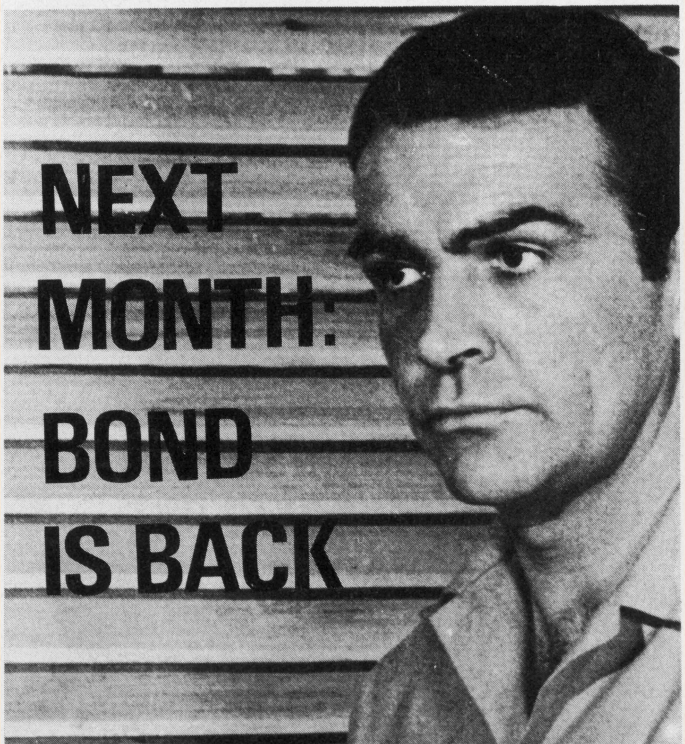
The drawbacks of stardom? Tom could pin down only two. One is that he can't get to see his parents and friends in South Wales very often, though he spends a small fortune in phone calls. The other is that he has little time for landscape sketching and portraits, a hobby he loves.

Tom's future? It seems to be safe. He appeals not only to the fans but to their parents as well.

His stock is high in Britain and in the States, where he has soared in the disc charts and made a great impact with a string of appearances on Ed Sullivan's celebrated TV show.

And it was no surprise to me that he was a success there, because the important thing about Tom—and the reason I'm sure he will be at the top for a long time—is that there is no let-down in his stage appearances.

Unlike many disc stars, his act is high-powered and spectacular. As he says: "I started singing in small Welsh clubs about eight years ago. I have had experience of live audiences, which is invaluable. I've always believed you must put on a *show*—pull out all the stops. In fact, when I see some pop singers performing, I want to yell at them from the wings to put a bit of action into what they are doing. I work hard on my stage act and I think the work is paying off."


NEXT MONTH: BOND IS BACK

No confidence?

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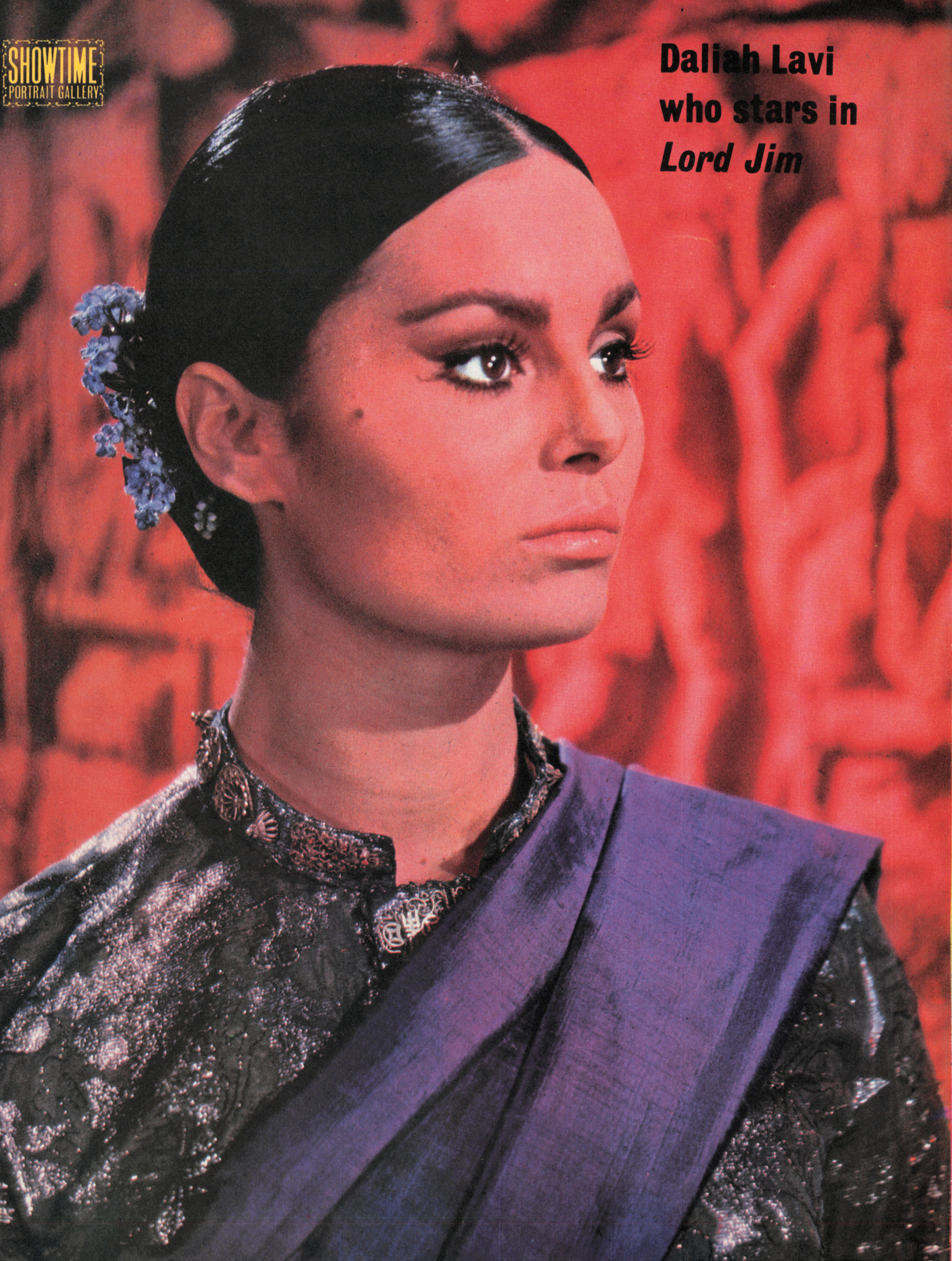
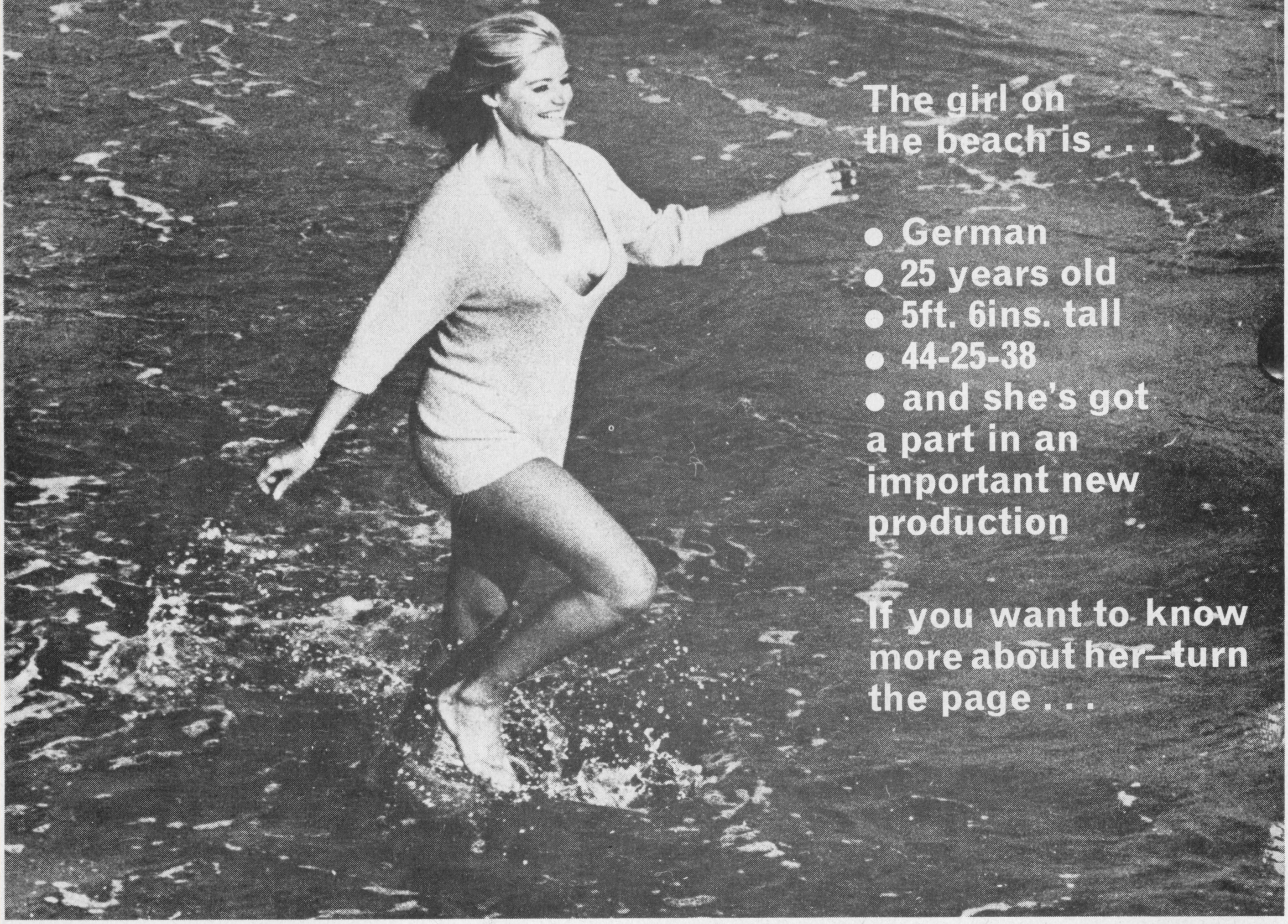


Daliah Lavi who stars in *Lord Jim*



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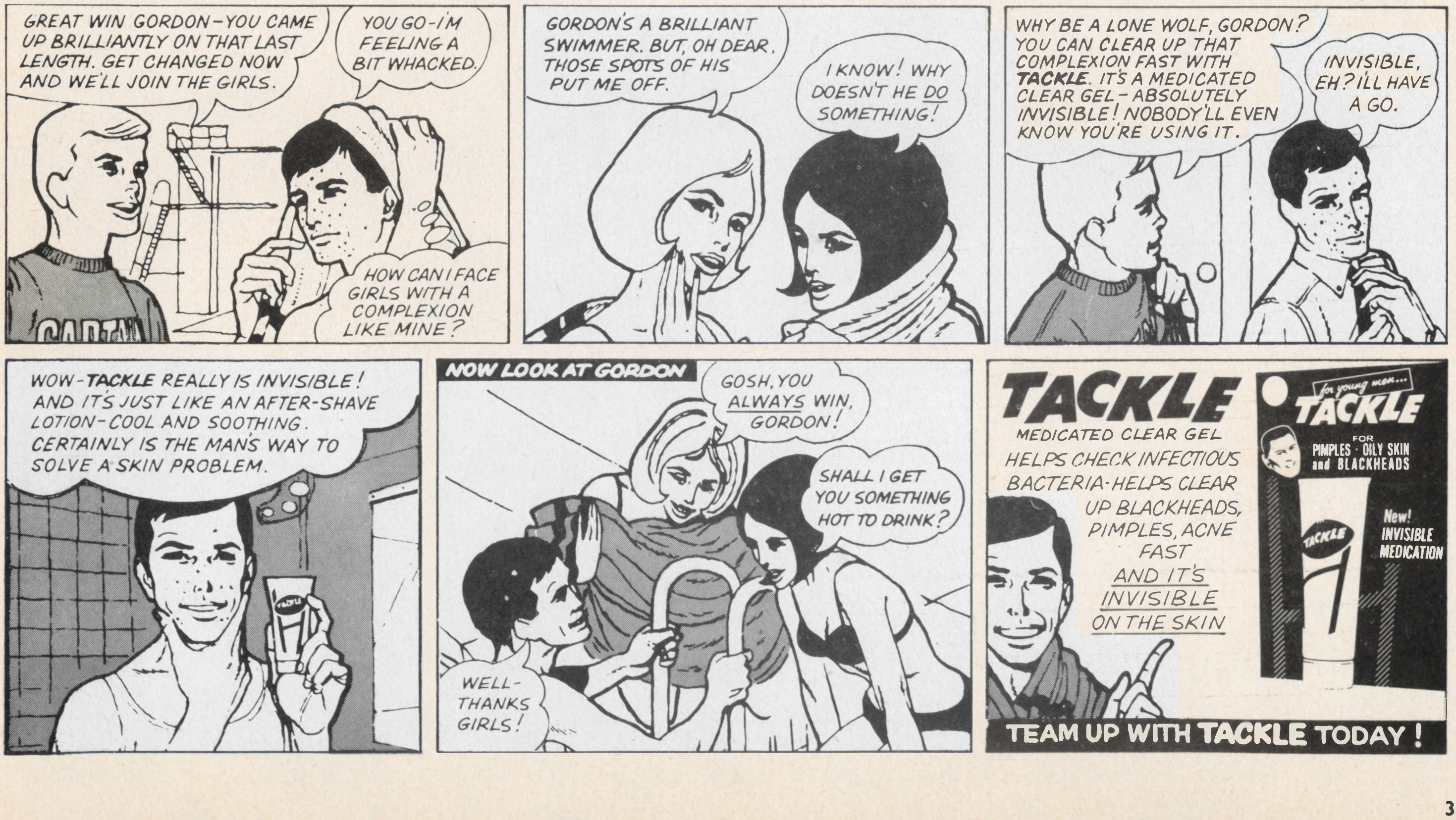

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YOU GO—I'M FEELING A BIT WHACKED.
HOW CAN I FACE GIRLS WITH A COMPLEXION LIKE MINE?
GORDON'S A BRILLIANT SWIMMER. BUT, OH DEAR, THOSE SPOTS OF HIS PUT ME OFF.
I KNOW! WHY DOESN'T HE DO SOMETHING!
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INVISIBLE, EH? I'LL HAVE A GO.
WOW—TACKLE REALLY IS INVISIBLE! AND IT'S JUST LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION—COOL AND SOOTHING. CERTAINLY IS THE MAN'S WAY TO SOLVE A SKIN PROBLEM.
NOW LOOK AT GORDON
GOSH, YOU ALWAYS WIN, GORDON!
SHALL I GET YOU SOMETHING HOT TO DRINK?
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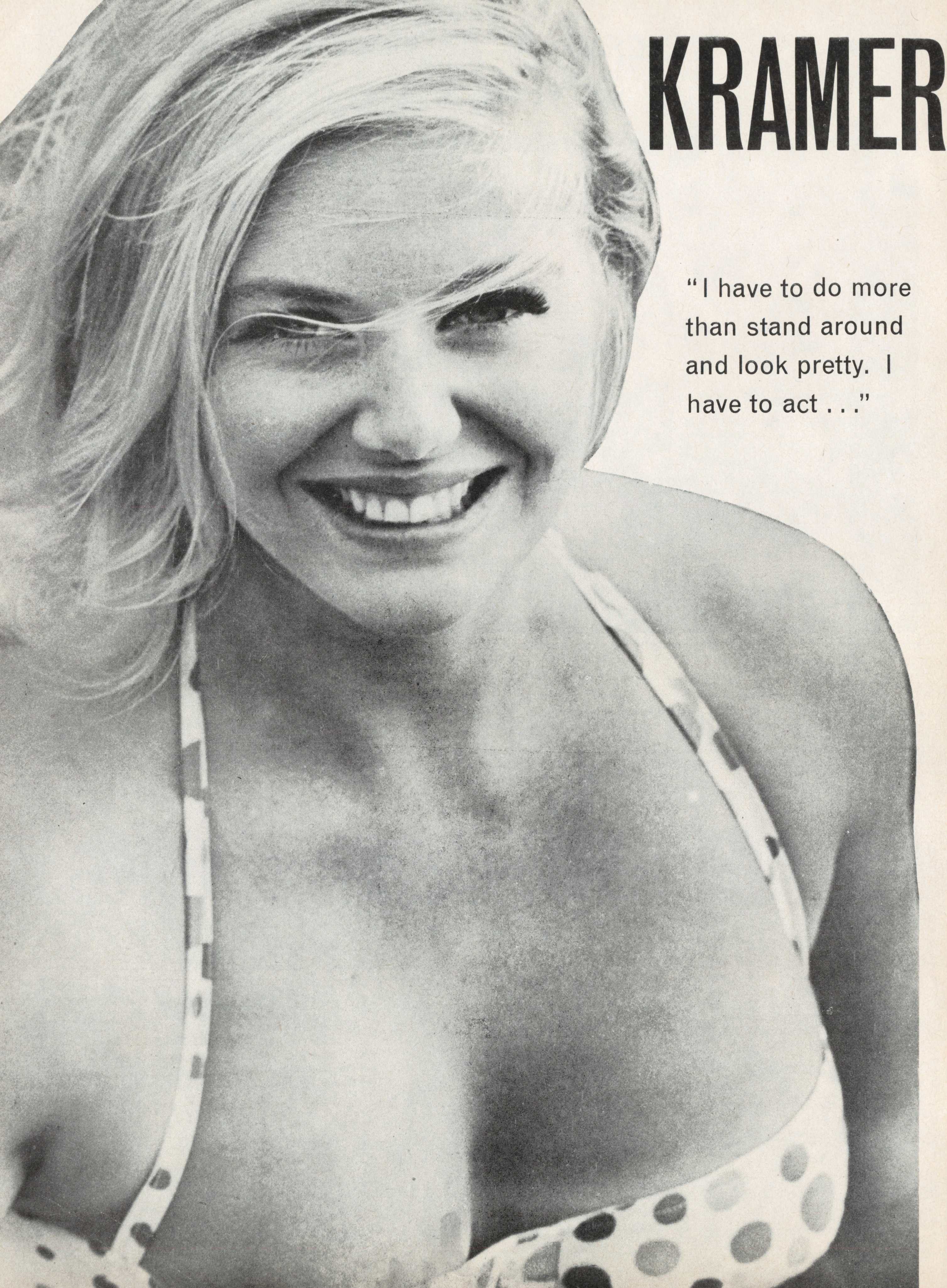


"I have to do more than stand around and look pretty. I have to act . . ."

COUNTS ON CHRISTIANE

Her name is Schmidtmer and in *Ship of Fools* she plays a character called Lizzi Spockenkieker...neither is easy to pronounce, but the producer believes that males won't be put off—and he's probably right!

WHEN producer Stanley Kramer was looking for a girl to play a key role in his new, star-studded production *Ship Of Fools,* he happened to see a Continental film called *Stop Train, 349*, which starred Jose Ferrer.

It was not, however, the men in the cast who caught Kramer's eye (although, as it happens, Ferrer is in *Ship Of Fools*). It was a statuesque stunner called Christiane Schmidtmer.

Kramer did not know anything about the girl—but he soon made enquiries and discovered that she was German, 25 years old and had considerable acting talent to back her feminine charms.

Kramer wasted no time in meeting Fraulein Schmidtmer and, within a week, she had read the script and been signed to play a character called . . . wait for it . . . Lizzi Spockenkieker. Schmidtmer to play Spockenkieker!

Kramer has to admit it is quite a mouthful, but he believes that when people see Christiane in the film they won't worry too much how the names are pronounced.

As it happens, many people, apart from Kramer, are predicting a big future for Christiane.

"I have been greatly encouraged since I got the part in *Ship Of Fools*," she says. "It's just the chance I had been hoping to get. I mean, how often does a girl get an opportunity to appear in a picture with stars like Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret and Lee Marvin?"

Christiane, who has golden hair and blue eyes, was born in Mannheim, Germany. Her father, who was killed in Siberia during the war, was an architect. Her mother married a second time and they settled in Heidelberg.

Christiane wanted to act, but her mother wanted her to teach and, after completing her schooling in Germany, she was sent to London to study English.

Christiane stayed for a year but, instead of returning to Heidelberg, she fled rebelliously to Munich to study acting. At the time she was only 19 and her horrified stepfather refused to send her money—hoping she would return home. But she didn't .

"I will work in a night-club," she said. Finally, her parents gave in.

Christiane studied in Munich for two years, then she joined a repertory company in Bad Kreuznach. By 1962 she was starring in TV plays and, soon after, reached the Berlin stage. Then she turned to films.

In *Ship Of Fools* Christiane is teamed with Jose Ferrer. They have a passionate romance which ends explosively when she learns that he has a wife.

"It's a good part to start my international film career," says Christiane. "I have more to do than just stand around and look pretty. I have to act."

And according to Kramer, she acts the part perfectly.

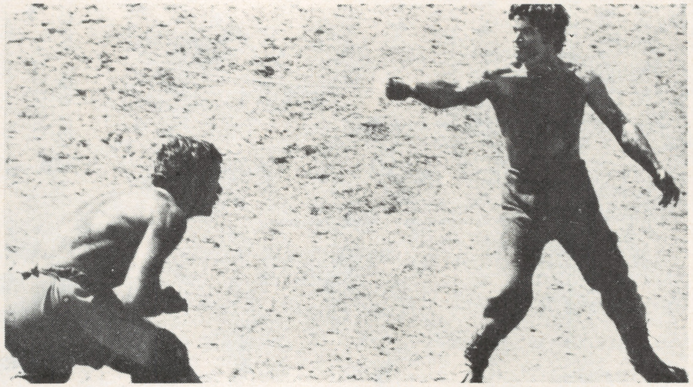
Away from the set Christiane loves to relax in her new Hollywood home. Showtime's photographer proves the point.

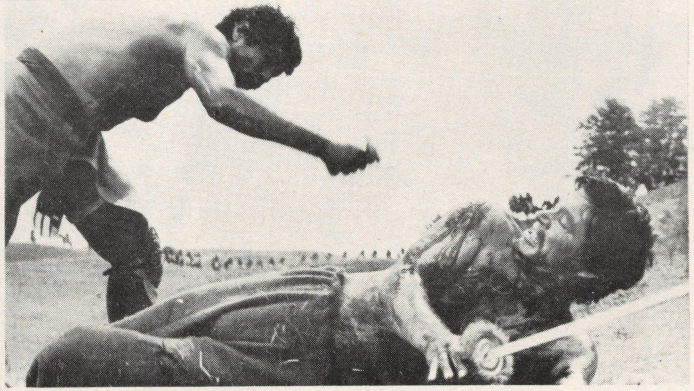
FIGHT TO THE DEATH

KER-RAACK! Aaaargh! It's the fight of the year. A fantastic 15-minute Mongol duel to the death between Omar Sharif and Stephen Boyd in *Genghis Khan*. "My finest film fight yet," claims a justifiably proud Bob Simmons, Britain's ace stunt-director.

Hollywood director Henry Levin gave the order: "I want a fabulous fight to end the movie." "Right," said Bob, "you'll get it." And he did. And how!

"It's my best," says Bob, "because both Stephen and Omar did everything themselves. No doubles! Consequently, it looks terrific—and it took only ten days to shoot instead of the usual three weeks.





Surrounded by a circle of their opposing armies, Genghis Khan (Omar Sharif) and his deadly enemy, Jamuga (Stephen Boyd) meet for a battle to the death. It's a fight that has been brewing throughout the epic film, though the peaceful Genghis would have preferred unity between their forces. Though he had conquered the world, he wanted no battles with fellow Mongols. Says the fight's creator, Bob Simmons: "I knew this one had to be something special as Stephen Boyd was involved. I had to try to top everything he'd done before—including *Ben-Hur* and *The Fall Of The Roman Empire*. And I got what I wanted—complete realism. None of that hackneyed Douglas Fairbanks, gleaming-teeth, sweat-on-the-brow rubbish!"

"Of course, fights like this are nothing new to Stephen Boyd—an old pal of mine since his cinema commissionaire days. But Omar is very new to action-films. Fortunately, like Boyd, he was so excited by the fight I'd written, he went all the way. We'd discuss it between 'takes,' rehearse all day, and dream about it all night. Then, when it started, they put so much into it, we virtually had to pull 'em apart at times. Once Omar got a bashing which started a nose-bleed. Didn't worry him though; he and Steve are still great buddies. Blood-brothers almost!"

The entire blood-thirsty, battle-hungry epic is a vast triumph for Bob as well as for the international cast. "I loved it," he says, "because it helped me achieve my greatest ambition—to train horses and men together from scratch for all the battles."

Having sized up Boyd and Sharif, Bob next dug deep into his history books and chose the ancient Mongol duel for their great scene. "The duel has numerous variations, so I included as many as would fit together. They begin on horses and charge, joust-style, to lances which are stuck in the ground. They pluck these out, wheel about, and charge again, lances poised. Boyd immediately brings Sharif down, by making a lance-sweep at his horse's legs. This move breaks Boyd's lance, and Omar has dropped his in the tumble. Now he has to scamper about like a matador to avoid being ridden into the ground by Boyd.

"Then Omar manages to topple Boyd off his horse and they start with swords—long, slightly-curved Mongol swords. They cut and slash at each other and grapple hand-to-hand . . ."

Bob's next job: Dropping James Bond into trouble, and then getting him out of it, in *Thunderball*, his fourth 007 film. And his new ambitions: "I'd work with David Lean for nothing . . . and I'd love to be on a film co-starring the greatest new film finds: Michael Caine and Francoise Dorleac."

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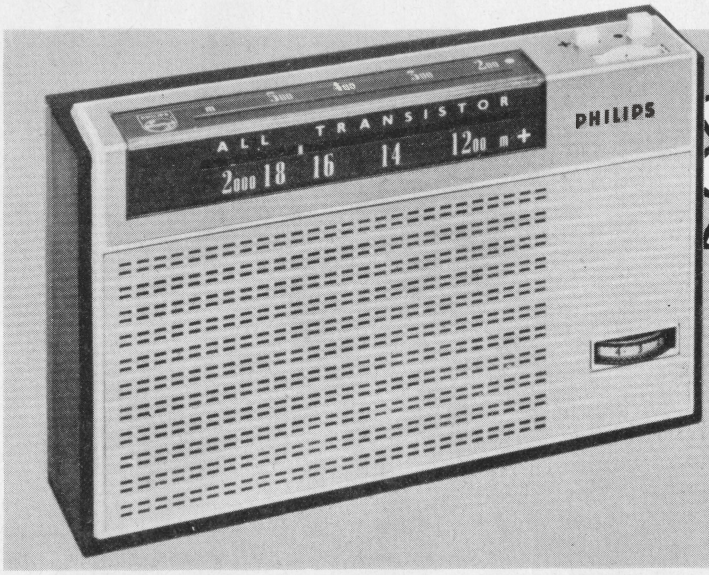

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THE DAY THEY ASKED EDINA TO STRIP

Continued from page 29

rare, isn't it, that such a scene is absolutely essential to any film?

"Julie Christie's scene in *Darling* is an exception. They build up to this point all along, you see, where Julie is so furious at everything that she literally starts tearing her clothes off. That's integral to the plot and characterisation. So I would do that."

From nude scenes in films, we turned to nude-posing for magazines—which seems, for many a top star, to be even bigger business these days. "You mean Playboy, of course," commented Edina, pulling another Mediterranean prawn apart with devilish dexterity.

"I would never do that. I don't even understand why they do it. The stars concerned all have good figures, and the fee from Playboy is enormous. But it would never attract me.

"Who have they had now? Oh yes, there's Ursula Andress. Well, her husband took those pictures which were really marvellous, I must admit. Well, maybe, if I had a husband who was a brilliant photographer like John Derek, I might pose for him. *Just* for him, though."

'Crafty Photography'

Another prawn was twisted apart. Then Edina added: "But you never see any serious actress posing nude. I remember seeing Susannah York in Playboy, but that wasn't her fault. That was very crafty photography of a nude bathing scene she did for a film.

"Carol Lynley surprised me, too. In fact, it always surprises me when any star, big or small, poses like this. For them, I suppose, it's an attitude to life. Some seem very free-minded about such things. Others—me for one—were brought up in a certain way and we just couldn't do it."

"*But, obviously, you've been asked to pose naked, haven't you?*" I asked.

"Oh yes," she smiled. "Recently I was working with an Italian photographer. He said I drove him mad because I would not strip. '*Why not?*' he said. '*You've got a beautiful body now, while you're still young. It doesn't last for ever. . . .*'

"I still wouldn't agree, although I could see what he meant. Sometimes you look at yourself in a mirror and you think: *Mmm, that would make a pretty good photograph.* On the other hand, you don't have to be nude to be sexy. I think a girl can look good even in a nun's habit."

By now, the gourmet's daughter had completed her small diet-lunch and was nibbling pieces of my chicken. We returned to the world of films and talked about sex behind the camera: the old myth, or otherwise, of the producers' casting couch routine.

"I think the basic sexual element no longer plays a large part in getting a film role," said Edina, snaffling another portion of my lunch. "But there are still a lot of girls who are stupid enough to go to bed with a producer thinking they'll get a part. And they get nothing.

"Yes, producers like this are still around. So I'm told. I've never met any of them, thank God. The first producer I ever met—he wanted to put me under contract—took me to some theatrical club to see how many people would stare at me. That was his way of proving I had what was necessary! Yes, of course they stared. It wasn't surprising. I was a long-haired 16-year-old bird in a leather coat!

Edina Ronay—the nearest girl Britain has to Brigitte Bardot.

"The next producer was an old friend of my father's. So old, he was nearly blind. Even so, he said I had a good face or something and introduced me to my agent.

"Then there was, I remember, another producer, everyone warned me about. He made a pass at every single girl he met. Even the ugly ones. At my interview with him I sat there expecting something — and nothing happened. I think he was rather frightened of me!

"It's all connected with the way you act towards them. I go for an interview as if it's a job of work and I want the job. And that's that. But there are lots of other girls who wear tight skirts and have the kind of look which says: '*If you make a pass, I'll say yes.*'

"I'm talking professionally, of course. Not about the social side of the business. That's completely different."

Whether nudity, on screen or off, helps a career, is a question which Edina is not prepared to answer. However, she does maintain that "relationships can really foul up a career."

All Very Baffling

She discovered this strange state of affairs when film offers started pouring in as soon as it was known that her three-year friendship with Michael Caine had ended.

"I don't quite understand how my relationship with Mike kept away the kind of offers I'm getting now," she said, as the coffee arrived. "But it did. I know that now. Maybe, they just thought I didn't want work. That I was lazy.

"Then another element comes into it. A lot of producers use you only because they fancy you. Not necessarily thinking they have a chance, but just because they fancy you.

"This is inevitable, I've discovered. I mean, I wouldn't have got this Hollywood film-test unless someone fancied me. They wouldn't see anything in you to promote unless they fancied you.

"But this definitely comes into it. For they think: *Oh well, she's very involved* . . . It didn't affect Mike because he was already on the way up. But it affected me, as I'm now discovering—as well as other people with similar relationships.

"And it's annoying, of course, when a man makes a pass at you. Because, well, you wonder '*What the hell does he think I am?*' Then you suddenly realise it means you can't go and have dinner with anybody without them thinking they're going to pop into bed with you.

"It rather limits the number of people you can go out with. And that's the only thing I like about a relationship. It's safe."

So, too, is the sparkling Edina Ronay's career, methinks. This year we'll be seeing her in four films: *The Collector*, *He Who Rides A Tiger* with Tom Bell, *The Big Job* with Sidney James, and, of course, the audience-seducing scene in *A Study In Terror*.

At 21, she seems to be going places with this philosophy in mind: "I work hard and I've learned to accept the fact that if you are good enough . . . and patient . . . you'll make it."

'You don't have to be nude to be sexy . . .'

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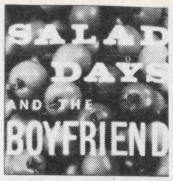

91 Barbara Leigh with all-star cast and orchestra sing It's Never Too Late, I Could Be Happy With You, We Said We Wouldn't Look Back, 12 in all.
Also in stereo.

128 Jellybabies, The Young Ones and other top '64 groups capture the newest sounds. Hard Day's Night, Needles and Pins, She Loves You, and 9 more.
Also in stereo.

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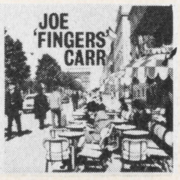
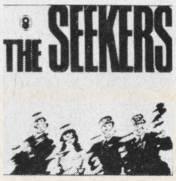
6 Kismet. Full cast production. Brand new arrangements. Star artists sing Stranger in Paradise, Baubles, Bangles Beads, This is my Beloved, etc.

MY FAIR LADY
ORCHESTRAL SUITE

95 My Fair Lady. Orchestral suite from the show, containing all the favourite melodies. Conducted by famous composer conductor Cyril Ornadel.



158 Travel the continent with Joe Fingers Carr. A reminder of holidays and numbers you've always loved: Dominique, Poor People of Paris, Under Paris Skies and 17 more.



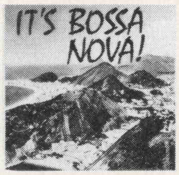
127 The Seekers, chart-topping group from down under in a swinging selection of 12 hits, including Blowin' in the Wind, Chilly Winds.
Also in stereo.

THE Fabulous MISS LEE

108 Stormy Weather, Sweet Chariot, Somebody Loves Me, Hold Me, I Can't Give You Anything But Love, 7 more top numbers all with fabulous Peggy Lee.

TV themes
Steve Race

102 The ideal party disc! Dance with Steve Race and his orchestra to Z Cars, Maigret, Coronation Street, Dr. Kildare, etc.
Also in Stereo.



150 Los Bandidos set the feet tapping with Bossa Nova numbers for low lights and high spirits. Peppermint Twist, Fly Me to The Moon, Desafinado and 11 more.

28 Star cast sing Beautiful Mornin', Out of My Dreams, Surrey with the Fringe, People Will Say We're in Love and all the immortal hits.
Also in stereo.

THE DEAN Sings

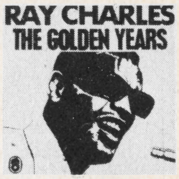
21 The fabulous Dean Martin sings 12 all-time hits, including You Belong to Me, Solitaire, Till I Find You.

everyone who had a hit

126 12 of the top hit songs of 1964 recreated for you including Hello Dolly, You're My World, You Were Made For Me, Secret Love, and 9 more.
Also in stereo.

IRMA LA DOUCE & THE THREEPENNY OPERA

153 All-star productions from two great musicals: Mack the Knife and 9 other tracks from Weill & Brecht's Threepenny Opera and 6 hits from Irma La Douce.
Also in stereo.



131 If you like blues then this is a must. The great Ray Charles sings See See Rider, Kissa Me Baby, Blues is My Name, and 8 more.

30 Ian Carmichael, Joyce Blair, star cast and orchestra. As Long As He Needs Me Consider Yourself, all the hit numbers from Lionel Bart's great show.
Also in stereo.

Sarah Vaughan

74 Superb Sarah Vaughan in ten great numbers. If I Loved You, Saturday, It's Delovely, You'll find me There, etc. Every one a hit.

GLENN MILLER

77 In the Mood, Bugle-Call Rag, Chattanooga Choo-Choo, Serenade in Blue. 9 original tracks by the immortal Glenn Miller and his band.

162 Take Burl Ives voice. Add a guitar. The result —an authoritative journey through ballad land. Tracks include Early One Morning, The Irish Rover.

South Pacific

25 Ian Wallace, Joyce Blair and chorus. Some Enchanted Evening, I'm In Love With a Wonderful Guy, and all the unforgettable songs from this great musical.
Also in stereo.

THE GONDOLIERS

163 'Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes' and all the great songs from Gilbert and Sullivan's Gondoliers. Star cast, Westminster S.O. Faris/Linden Singers.
Also in stereo.

157 The inimitable Belafonte sings 5 numbers that have made him famous, including Annabelle Lee. Side 2 features The Islanders with a Caribbean selection.

NAT KING COLE
DREAM A LITTLE

152 Nat 'King' Cole invites you to dream awhile. 16 wonderful tracks to put you in the mood. Dream a Little, Dream of Me—Wish I Were Somebody Else; many more.

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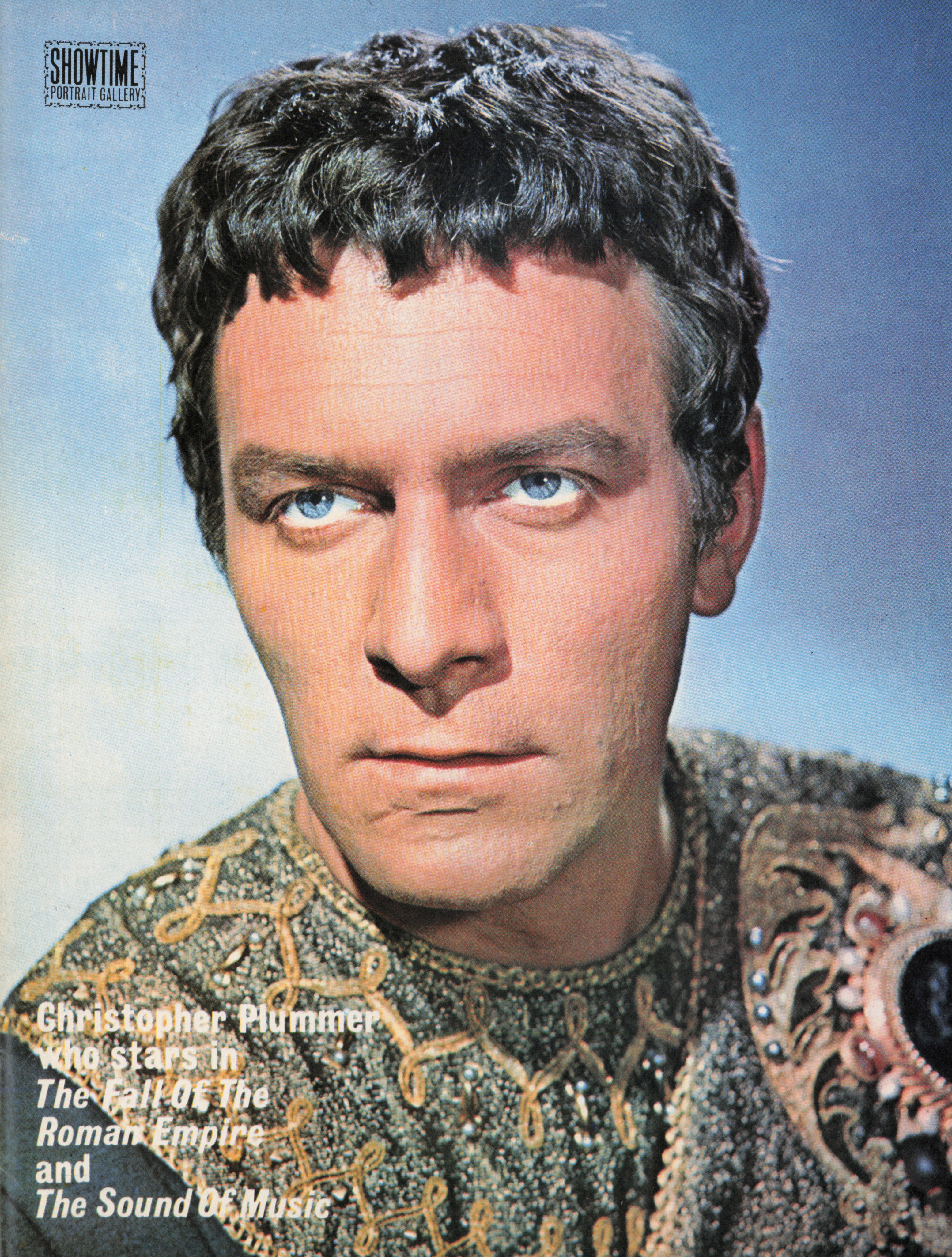

Christopher Plummer who stars in *The Fall Of The Roman Empire* and *The Sound Of Music*

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

Continued from page 5

A funny thing happened to MICHAEL CRAWFORD, star of The Knack, *at the interview for his role in* A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum. *"I knew I'd have to wear a toga in the film," says Mike, "but I was unprepared for the producers asking me to show them my legs. I rolled my trousers up. 'That's no good,' they said. 'Drop your trousers. . . .' And so I had to. Apparently my legs are fine—I got the part!"*

REX HARRISON will have good company when he makes *Tale Of A Fox* for his Cleo-mentor JOE MANKIEWICZ. Rex's prey: MAGGIE SMITH, SUSAN HAYWARD and CAPUCINE.

Producer HOWARD KOCH is already thinking of 1967. He's preparing A Simple Recipe. *Simple? Yes. Take one JULIE ANDREWS. Mix in a PETER O'TOOLE. Add a pinch of PETER USTINOV. And get a French chef (director FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT) to serve.*

Mammoth search for a girl with "the perfect body" for a scene in CARROLL BAKER's *Harlow,* ended when they spied a stripper named . . . wait for it . . . BEVERLY HILLS.

SIDNEY POITIER has beaten RICHARD HARRIS to the draw—in signing director SIDNEY POLLACK for his first film. Dick Harris told me only recently how much he admired Pollack's TV work in the States. "I'd like to be first to use him in films," he added. Now Poitier will be. He has Pollack directing him and ANNE BANCROFT in Call Me Black.

How about this? GEORGE PEPPARD walked out—well, literally flew out—of *Sands Of Kalahari.* And walked into *The Blue Max,* in which he plays a flying ace!

WONDER-CHILDREN

Continued from page 23

Karen came in from play, wearing a traditional Norwegian costume—a present from Daddy's location trip. We talked about her home life . . . about her school in nearby Tredington . . . and her pets: "Daddy found the badger. He was driving home one night and saw something on the road. It was a dead mother badger with a baby. He brought the baby home and we've had it ever since. It's house-trained."

And, of course, we talked about America, where Karen and Matthew had a life of luxury and lots of excitement. "Mr. Disney is marvellous about children," said Mrs. Dotrice. "He makes sure they have a proper family week-end; he also sent us away on trips."

"In Hollywood," said Karen, "we lived in a house high up in the canyon above Beverly Hills. We had a barbecue on the patio and a swimming pool *INSIDE!* Marvellous for Mummy. All she had to do was open the glass-door to her bedroom and jump in!"

An older girl would have been out at night, at parties and the like. Karen preferred to be with her family, of course. "I think it's a bit boring meeting big stars," she commented. "It's different when they are friends and Daddy brings them home. Better still, if I am working with them. Then it's fun.

"Dick Van Dyke was fun! He was very kind to 'Matt' and me. If we had a difficult or complicated scene, he would come to see us and we would have our own private rehearsals before we went on the set.

"Then he would take us to another studio and teach us the dances, and fool about, doing hand-stands and balancing on broom handles and everything. He's super!"

So was most of America to Karen and Matthew. Top of their super places, needless to say, was Disneyland—Walt's vast fun-and-games land. "We went three times," said Karen. "Mummy didn't think she'd enjoy it. In the end, she didn't want to leave."

"Well," explained Mrs. Dotrice, "the whole place is . . . well . . . *fantasmagoric!*"

Just as popular—with Karen at least—was Palm Springs. For reasons any child will understand. "We had to stay up all night," she said with a huge grin. "It was too hot to sleep. Instead of going to bed, we would lie in therapeutic pools—warm spring-water it was."

With Walt Disney's interest and guidance, it is obvious that this new team of his—Karen and Matthew—will be around for a long time on our screens.

Finally I asked Karen what her ambition was. More films perhaps ?

"That's up to Mummy," she said.

"No darling," said Mummy. "It's up to you."

"In that case, yes, I'd like to make more," said Karen.

The Sound of Music Contest Winners

JUDGING *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* CONTEST: Percy Livingstone, Managing Director of Twentieth Century-Fox; actress Norma Foster; F. Hasselberger, of Austrian Airlines; and John Fairbairn, Director of Publicity for Fox.

Also: *The Intelligence Men* Contest Winners

SHOWTIME'S *SOUND OF MUSIC* CONTEST:

1st Prize— David Price, Hunters Way, Culmstock, Devon.	Mr. Price, who wins a fortnight's holiday for two in Salzburg, is 18-years-old and is an electrician. He will use his prize as a honeymoon.
2nd Prize— John Storrie, Station Road, Aldershot.	Mr. Storrie, who wins a week-end in Salzburg, works in a rubber factory. His hobbies include: film-going, dancing, playing darts, reading and modern jazz.

SHOWTIME'S *INTELLIGENCE MEN* CONTEST:

1st Prize— Miss Pixie Fogg, Bonser Road, Twickenham, Middx.	Miss Fogg, who wins a luxury cruise for two, is 14-years-old. Her hobbies include dancing and collecting cut outs of TV and pop stars.

There are 25 runners up and each one wins a *Chuck Berry In London* LP. The names will be sent on request.

SHOWTIME'S *SEND ME NO FLOWERS* CONTEST:

One hundred Doris Day LP's were won. Unfortunately, shortage of space prevents a full list of the winners, but the names will be sent on request.

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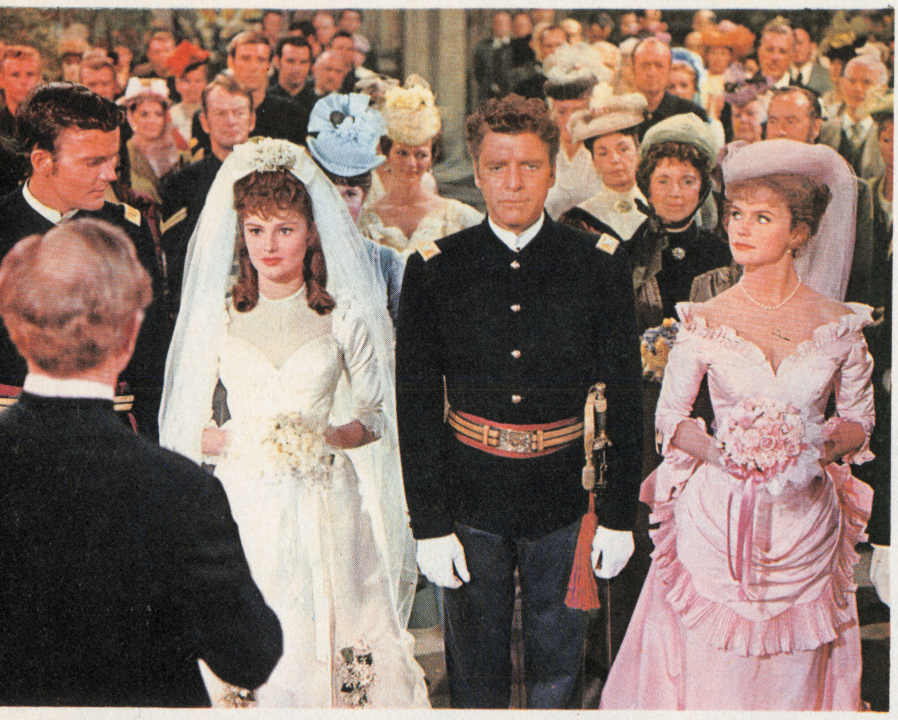


There's time for romance . . . as this picture proves.

Ever since he made that exciting Western, *Gunfight At O.K. Corral*, Burt Lancaster has hankered to get back into the saddle. Now he does, in *The Hallelujah Trail*. And it is fitting that the director should be John Sturges, who directed *Gunfight* and *The Magnificent Seven*.

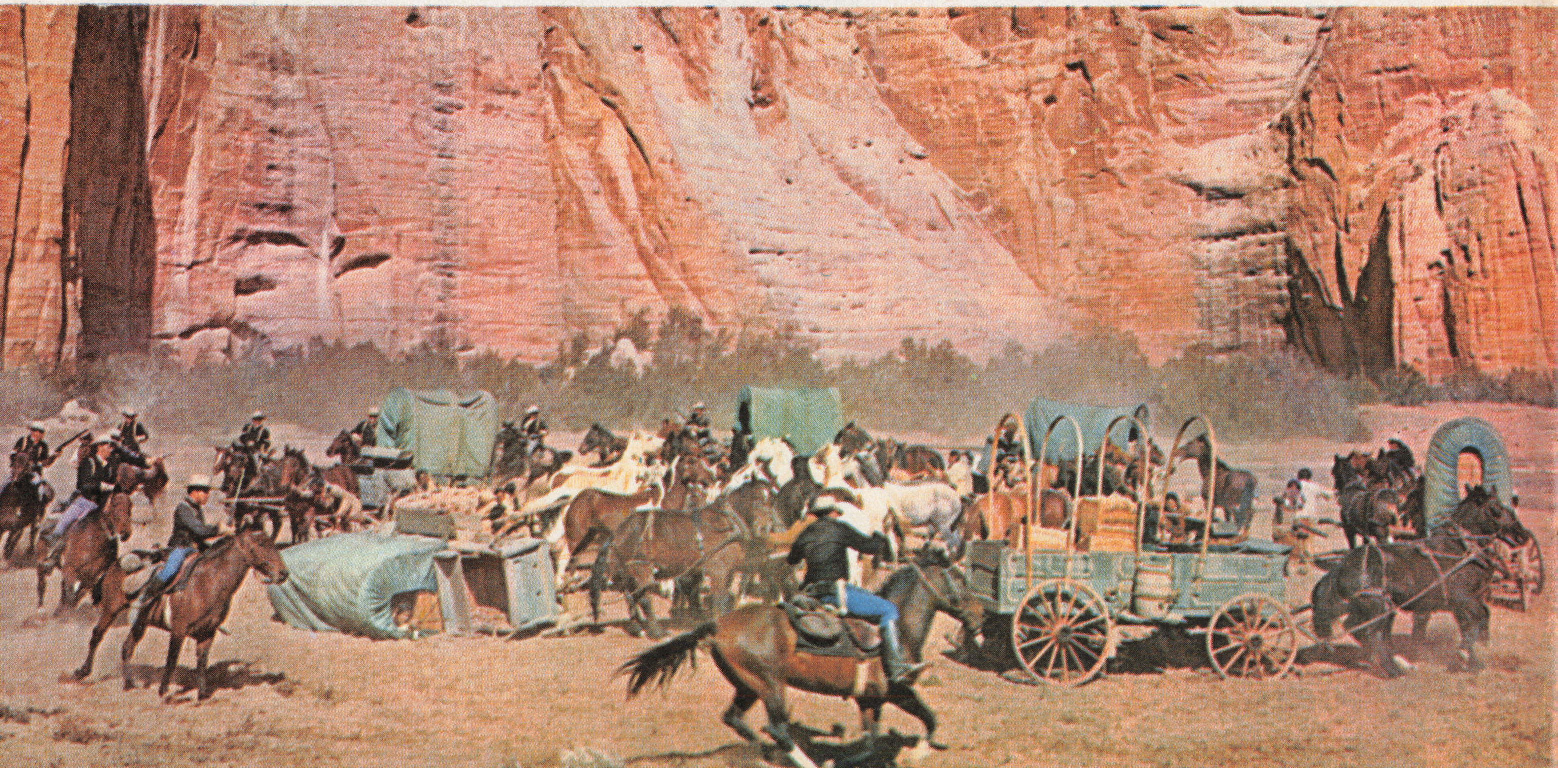
The story begins in Denver in 1867. Winter is just around the corner and a whisky drought is feared by the people of Denver. However, reinforcements are on the way—aboard a wagon train carrying nothing but whisky and champagne. The film details the chaotic collision on the lone prairie between an odd assortment of groups in pursuit of the wagon train and its cargo. They range from the protective Cavalry troops to irate Temperance ladies, from not-so-brave Indian braves to the determined miners of Denver.

"A comedy Western is what we aimed for," Sturges says. "I think that's what we've got!"

Apart from Burt, who plays Colonel Thadeus Gearhart of the U.S. Cavalry, the film has many other top stars.

- There's Britain's Donald Pleasance as Oracle Jones, whose crazy plan it is that all the "dry" saloons should order whisky in one huge shipment—40 wagon loads—hoping that it can make the arduous journey from Julesburg to Denver

A familiar Western scene . . . but never before as funny as in *The Hallelujah Trail*.



BACK
SADDLE

before the snow closes the trail.

- There's beautiful Lee Remick as the dedicated temperance leader, Cora Templeton Massingale. When told that the whisky is on the move she marches off with her women to intercept it.
- There's Jim Hutton as Captain Paul Slater, who is sweet-talked into helping Cora by the Colonel's daughter (Pamela Tiffin), a girl fiercely loyal to Cora and her cause.

What happens to the whisky in the end? It might spoil the fun to give the game away. But this much can be said: *a lot of people go thirsty!*

The not-so-brave Indian Braves are after the whisky, too . . . while Colonel Burt soothes away all the pains of the trail.

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Send for "Lucky Leo" today and start your wheel of good fortune turning in the right direction. The price is 6/- post free (or 10/- for Two).

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KATRINA and the stars

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*

Renewal of old associations and rewards for past efforts will now begin to make life easier for the majority. During September, important and interesting developments are likely in any schemes that have been renewed since the middle of 1964.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*

Whatever business you pursue will probably be profitable, but remember that new schemes and anything that gives you a chance to act alone will be the best to pursue.

GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*

This promises to be another delightful month. Financially you will continue to be "in luck." However, some of your good fortune is likely to be offset by heavy family expenses, and you may find that you are spending more money than you can afford.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*

Cancerian folk are averse to disruption of routine, but you will have to accept that this is bound to happen during September. Try to guard against showing emotional reactions to trying conditions and take things as they come. Financially, this is a lucky period.

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*

This is one of the best months of 1965, especially in a business sense. You will stand up for yourself and be ready to press for added income if you think it is deserved.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd Sept.*

You can expect a great deal of activity with not much chance of relaxation. Business affairs will go with a swing and you can attain many of your goals if you put your mind to it. Domestically, it is not too helpful a period, but favourable changes are on the way.

LIBRA *24th Sept. to 23rd Oct.*

A month of many fluctuations in your personal life that can cause you to feel at sixes and sevens. Try to lay your plans well in advance, plus a few alternatives in case of sudden alterations.

SCORPIO *24th Oct. to 22nd Nov.*

Jupiterian aspects promise you luck in plenty during September, and this is an excellent time for Scorpio folk to take their annual holidays. Don't allow anyone to put a damper on your spirits.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd Nov. to 22nd Dec.*

There is an underlying tone of aggression about this month, and you must keep your personal feelings to yourself. Marked sensitivity is your "Achilles heel" during September, and it will be only too easy for others to pierce the shell.

CAPRICORN *23rd Dec. to 20th Jan.*

Without a doubt, this is your best month of 1965, with major gains in financial matters and exceptional luck in personal affairs. A terrific sense of buoyancy will keep you in sparkling form.

AQUARIUS *21st Jan. to 19th Feb.*

On the whole, your personal luck is good during September. You can greatly improve your life, prospects and even finances. Push ahead for all you are worth, and do not rely on the advice or promises of friends.

PISCES *20th Feb. to 21st March*

During the next four weeks you will need to keep your emotions well under control. Remember to think before you speak or act, for this is one of those tricky phases. Happily, however, things will soon improve.

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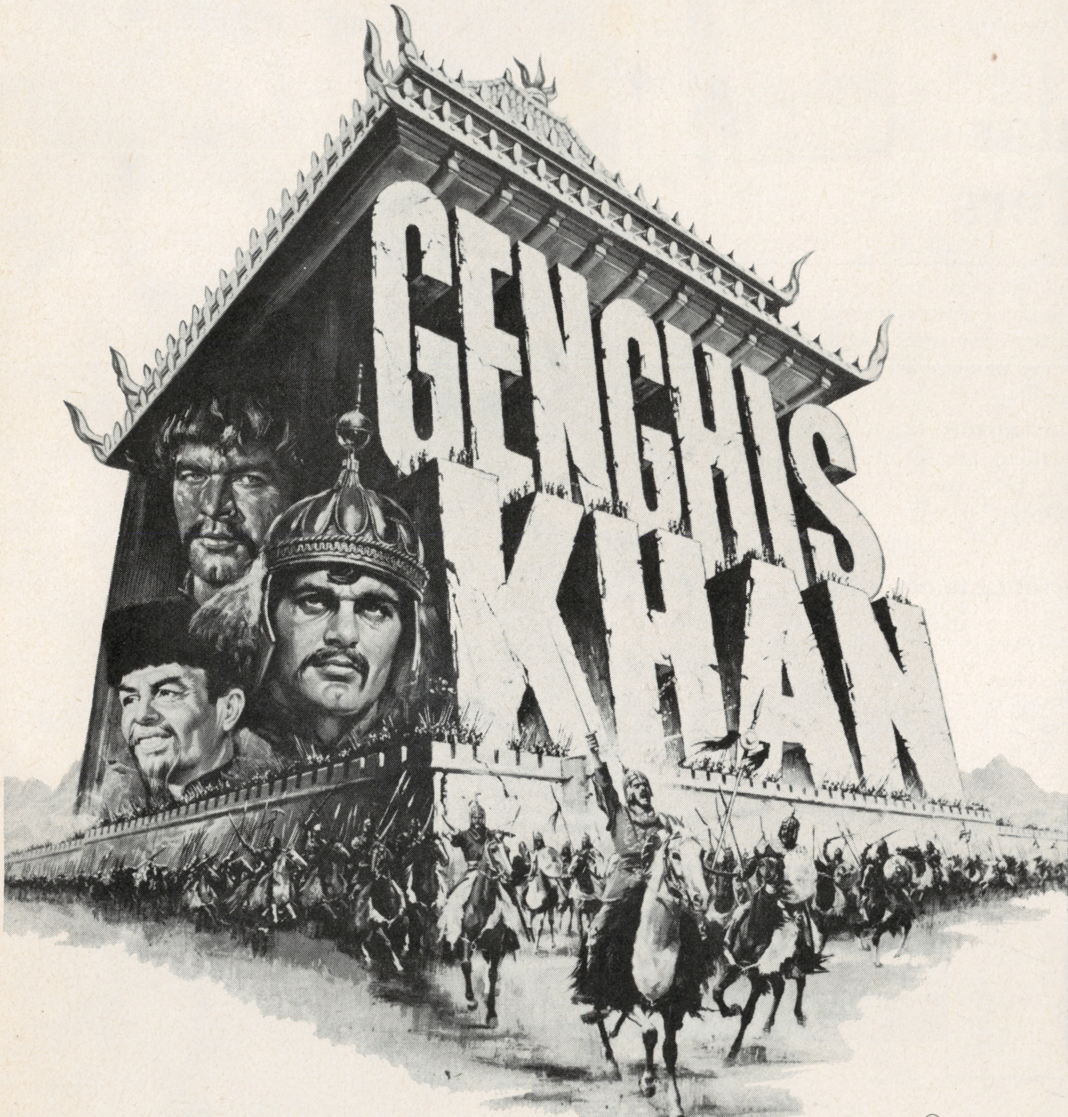

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as Genghis Khan

STEPHEN BOYD
as Jamuga

JAMES MASON
as Kam Ling

ELI WALLACH
as The Shah

FRANCOISE DORLEAC
as Princess Bortei

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